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### Literature and Miscellanies.

#### A PEEP AT WASHINGTON:

A Leaf from the Journal of an American Tourist.

"I come to fetch you to the capitol."

Julius Caesar.

Undoubtedly, the point to which all eyes are turned, during a certain portion of the year, is the city of Washington. The big guns of the nation are there—and there we have batteries of eloquence, and oratorical thunder, and, in these high times, flashes of lightning. I came this session, to take a survey of the war ground—to look at the generals, and the colonels, the sergeants, and the corporals, the drum majors and the fifers.

I was dropped at Gadsby's. It was yet morning—and the flags, with their stars, were waving over both wings of the majestic capitol, indicating that congress was now under full way. I ascended the hill, whence proceed so much noise, and smoke, and confusion, and law. My heart beat high at the prospect of beholding the assembled wisdom of the nation; and I did not long pause to look at the magnificent grounds around the capitol—the strong built terrace—nor the naval monument, floating, as it were, in an artificial reservoir, supplied by an ever running fountain. I hurried out of breath, up the steep stairs, threaded the corridors and rocky maze, until I found myself under the canopy of the huge dome that arches the rotunda. Every foot fall echoed and reechoed, and each whisper reverberated, from a thousand quarters. The groups peeping at this thing and that—the sculpture in the niches of the walls—and the paintings that half encircled the area, detained my eye but a moment—for my cicerone hurried me on, amid mazes and galleries yet more confused, until I found myself overlooking the representatives of the nation. I was in the ladies gallery, amid a sea of tossing heads—among belles from the sunny south, with their sallow faces, and the blooming girls of the northern and middle states; some bleached by the fogs of New England—such as prevail at New Port, Rhode Island, and along the coast of Maine—and others, grown pale amid the swamps of Georgia and the Carolinas, but making up in spirit, life, and conversation all that was lacking in the rosy cheek and lip. A long hall was before me. A portrait of Lafayette, and the flag of the union were at my left—in front, a large circular gallery for "the people," supported by huge columns, of surpassing grandeur.

"And is this," and I, "the house of representatives? Those men, there, with hats on, buzzing and chatting, whispering and laughing—reading newspapers, hemming and coughing—are they the law makers of our twentyfour states?" A member is speaking, but nobody hears him; and the louder he talks, the louder the buzzing. "Sir," says he; "sir," again, in a yet louder tone: "Sir—," and now in a voice, like the wry necked fife. The speaker pricks up and yields his ears: "sir—I call the attention of the house to the important fact,—," By this time, unless the orator is a favorite, the speaker's head is again dropped, and the yawning members, it may be, have fallen into a quiet sleep. I borrowed a glass—for one can see but little with unaided eyes, athwart the wide extended hall—to take my peep at a few of the talked of, the written about—"the lions." "There," said my cicerone, "is Mr Adams, the expresident, in his faded frock coat, and white woollen stockings—plodding and plodding, ever plodding. He is always in his seat, perpetually at work—keeping a journal, it may be, or writing poetry in a young lady's album—perhaps studying to ascertain whether Hesiod is an older poet than Homer;—knowing every thing, interested in every thing—a busy spirit, clogged in cold clay; a small Vesuvius, with a peak of snow—with a heart of fire

and a hand of ice." "And who," I inquired, "is this unquiet, slow, moping, head dropping, body, who seems to live by himself, and commune with himself, and feed on his own thoughts?" "That is George Mc Duffie," answered my cicerone. "You have hit him off to the life. When he opens his mouth, this noisy house is as silent as a sepulchre. Political friends and foes are alike still; every whisper is hushed—every head erect—every eye open. You have no idea of the sensation that little fellow can create. He rolls out his words, and bites them off, and thrashes and slashes as did old Horatius Coclès, when with his battle axe, he stood upon the bridge, and with a single arm defended Rome." That stout built man, a little to the right of Mc Duffie, with a snowy head and a Roman nose, is Burges, the "bald eagle of the house," as he has been called—a man adroit at all sorts of weapons. He resembles one of the old soliders; he fights on foot or on horse, with heavy or light arms—a battle axe or a spear. In modern warfare, he is at home in the artillery or the infantry, the cavalry or the engineers: a broad sword, or a pistol, a king's arm or a spade, are equally familiar to his hand. There is Johnson, the gallant colonel, the Indian killer. He has a fine head, and a good countenance. He is writing kind things to his constituents. He has half a dozen messenger boys at his side, trotting at a wink, sanding his letters, folding them, or hurrying away to stamp them with the 'U. S.' seal. There is Edward Everett, the accomplished scholar, the fine writer! Indeed, you might as well throw the muse of the history into a caravan, or put him on a "broad horn" on the Mississippi, with a huge pine for a rudder, and a cane brake for a bundle of quills. Crockett, there, is a better Neptune, and holds a steadier trident. And when a man can grin, and fight—flog a steam boat, and whip his weight in wild cats, what is the use of reading and writing? There is Wayne, an accomplished man, and Wilde, a fine scholar, a poet, and as civil a Georgian, too. Binney is there, a grave looking man—a mighty logic chopper. But I must pause—for what a mass of representatives there are here! What singular samples of our vast country! Here sits a Tennesseean, and there a Missourian, educated among buffaloes, and nurtured in the forest—as intimate with the passes of the Rocky Mountains, as the cit with Broadway, who lives where hunters and trappers have vexed every hill, and who cares no more for a Pawnee than a professed beau for a bright plumed belle. Here is a man from the prairies, and there another from the swamps and morasses, whose blood the musketoes have utterly stolen away. There is a sallow face from the rice grounds, and here the flushed cheek from the mountains, and by his side a man from the pine grounds—the land of tar and turpentine. What a people we are! What a country is this of ours! How wide in extent, how rich in production, how various in beauty! I have asked in my travels, for the west, in the streets of the Queen of the west—a fair city, which but as yesterday was a wilderness. They smiled at my inquiry, and said it was among the 'hoosiers' of Indiana or 'the suckers' of Illinois. Then I journeyed long. I crossed great rivers and broad prairies, and again I asked for the west. They said it was in Missouri. I arrived at its capital. They complained that they were "too far down east." "But go," they said, "if you would see the west, days and days, and hundreds and hundreds of miles up the Missouri—farther than from us to New England, and beyond the Rocky Mountains, and among the Snake Indians of the Oregon, and you may find it." It was the work of a dozen years to find the west, and I turned about, in despair. Indeed, I had found no bounds to my country. I have searched for them for months, in almost every clime—under the torrid sun of Louisiana, the land of the orange

and the olive, and beneath the cold sky of Maine. I have seen the rice planter gathering rich treasures from the bountiful soil, and the fisherman anchoring his little bark on the rocky islands, dropping his hook as carefully as if the ocean was full of pearls, and not of—mackerel. I have seen the mill man, sawing wood in all variety of forms, on the farthest soil of New England; and I have beheld the same wood floating down the Savannah, or the beautiful Alabama, in the strangest metamorphoses: it may be, in a clock, regularly ticking off the time, or in a pail,—perchance, in a button; and for aught I know, in a tasteless ham, or an unfragrant nutmeg! I have never been off the soil of my country; and yet I have seen the sun go down, a ball of fire, without a moment's twilight, flinging over rich, alluvial lands, blooming with magnolias and orange trees, a robe of gold: and again I have stood upon the bare rocks of colder climes, and when the trees were pinched by the early frost, I have marked the same vanishing rays reflected from the leaves, as if a thousand birds of paradise were resting in the branches: and when the clouds, streaming with red, and purple, and blue,—tinged and tipped by the pencil of beauty, were floating afar, like rainbows in motion, as if broken from their confinement; now mingling and interlacing their dyes, and glittering arches, and anon sprinkled over, and mellowing the whole heaven; then I have fancied that I was indeed in a fairy land, where the very forests danced in golden robes,—responding to the setting sun, as the statue of the fabled Memnon gave forth its welcoming notes, as the rays of the morning played upon its summit. I have been where the dog star rages, scattering pestilence in its train; where the long moss hangs from trees;—where the pale faces and sad countenances give admonition, that this is the region of death. I have stood by the wide prairie, and beheld the green billows rise and fall, and the undulations, chequered with sun light and shadow, chasing one after the other, afar over the wide expanse. And I have gone amid the storms of winter, over the high hills, upon the loud cracking crust, amid the music of the merry sleigh bells. And here are the representatives from all these regions—here is one grand council—all speaking one language—all impelled by one law! Oh, my country, my country! If our destiny be always linked as one—if the same flag, with its glorious stars and stripes, is always the flag of our union—never unfurled or defended but by freemen—then poetry and prophecy, stretching to their utmost, cannot preannounce that destiny!

But to return from our digression. We have rethreaded the corkscrew galleries, and are in the senate chamber. Here is a different body from the one we have just left. The senators seem older than the representatives; but so many of these bald seniors exchange gray heads for black ones, that it is difficult to determine. They sit with their hats off—that looks better. They bustle about less—that is more agreeable, if you would hear a speaker. "Show me the lions," said I to my cicerone: "Where is Van Buren, where is Clay, and Webster, and Calhoun?" My first quer was answered by pointing to the vice president's chair. I should have much to say of Mr Van Buren; but they have elevated him to a high office, which, like all offices, has its draw backs and its disadvantages. "He cannot figure," said my guide, "in debate; his mouth is shut, unless opened to say, 'the ayes have got it,' or 'the memorial is referred,' or something of the like." His manner is calm and bland, and he presides with ease and dignity. And there he sits, with no opportunity for display—thumping with his mallet, when the galleries are out of order, having occasion only to remark, now and then, that "the question is so and so," etc. The newspapers talk of his shrinking, cowering, blushing. This is all the veriest romance in the world. He lives in

the senate like an embodied abstraction. He takes Clay's jibes, and Webster's thrusts, as the ghost of Creusa received the embraces of Aeneas. He heeds them not. He leans back his head—piles one leg upon the other—and sits as if he were a pleasant sculptured image, destined for that niche all his life.

That massive forehead; those prodigious eyes; those heavy shoulders; that iron built frame point out WEBSTER. How like Satan himself he can look, and what a malicious smile! He talks as if he were telling a plain story; not enthusiastic, but concise and clear. His arm comes up as if lifted by a spring. He speaks like one from the grave; so solemn and so severe. Anon the lion is aroused. What a voice! The sentences leap into life, with well timed metaphor, skillfully interwoven; all perfectly wrought out. Yet Webster is a man of no imagination. He has a well disciplined taste; and give him a clue to a figure, and he will trace it out with force and beauty.

That slender built man, apparently about fifty years of age, in a blue coat, with bright buttons, frizzly head, and an eye like a hawk, erect and earnest, with mouth partly open; that is CALHOUN. He is not an orator, yet few command so much attention; none more. His voice is bad. His gesticulation is without grace. He is zealous, and enthusiastic, but without being frantic. His apparent candor, earnestness, and sincerity, command attention. His voice struggles in his throat and you almost understand the thoughts swelling there, and they soon rush out as fast as words can convey them. He speaks, in debate, as a farmer, in earnest, would talk to his boys, or a merchant to his clerks. He steps about, stands here and there, looks at this man and that; and if a man looks inquiringly at him, he asks "I am right, am I not?" "But as I was saying this conservative principle—" It hurts me to talk to-day: I've got a cold," etc. This is much the manner of Mr Calhoun. If an idea comes into his head, it comes out without regard to rhetorical polish. Mr Calhoun's power is in colloquy; animated conversation. Men are willing to listen to a man who talks well, whose declamation might be insufferable. Calhoun links words together; bites off the last syllables; and oftentimes eats up as it were whole sentences, in the rapidity of its enunciation.

That tall well formed man, with a wide mouth, and a countenance indicating every change of thought within, is CLAY. He has been so often described, that I shall dwell upon him briefly, here. Nature made him an orator to figure in a free government. In a despotism, his head would have reached the block, for his impudence, before he was thirty. He is good at every thing: *Nihil tetigit quod non ornavit*. I have never heard such a voice. It is equally distinct and clear whether at its highest key or lowest whisper; rich, musical, captivating. His action is the spontaneous offspring of the passing thought. He gesticulates all over. The nodding of his head, hung on a long neck, his arms, his hands, fingers, feet, and even his spectacles and pocket handkerchief aid him in debate. He steps forward and backward, and from the right to the left, with effect. Every feature speaks. The whole body has its story to tell.

That is FORESTY, with his arms akimbo, head thrown back, spectacles on, laughing at what somebody has to say, who is speaking over the way. I cannot describe his figure, but it is a handsome one. He is all ease and composure; is never thrown off his guard. He is ever ready, and the less prepared, the better for the fight. He eludes with the utmost skill all manner of weapons. No member of Congress is better at the reconnoitering and skirmishing of debate.

That tall red headed man, with a large, manly figure, and full face, is PRESTON, the new member from South Carolina. He looks as if he had long lived under the rays of a southern sun. Preston is *sui generis*. He



talks poetry, all in rich array, and gorgeous sentences. When there is a storm in the Senate, they hang him out as a rainbow; and although the rough clouds often darken his glittering hues, before the storm is hushed, yet tempers are cooled, and spirits are often softened, by the dazzling arch, and the rich interlacings of its bow. His is unpremeditated eloquence. He does not, like Sheridan, mark, in his orations, the place to introduce "Good God! Mr Speaker." The incidents of debate suggest all his fine sentences. His gestures are admirable. No American orator is more graceful; few have more art: and yet few understand so well the *ars celare artem*. Such a man was necessary in the Senate. All the kinds of eloquence that Cicero describes, are now exemplified and illustrated in that body, and no two are formed on the same model.

FELIX GRUNDY is a happy man. There is not a more jovial, benevolent face, in Christendom, than he wears. He was an actor upon the stage of public life long before my remembrance. His head is now all gray, and his step begins to falter, and bear the marks of age, but his mind has lost nothing of its vigor, and he none of his humor. He is happy at a retort, skillful at a thrust, and good humored, even in the angriest debate. He has a mind happily tempered for political warfare.

LEAH is a new comer from Virginia; a round thick built man, with a little sharp eye, that snaps at times like a spark of fire. He is something of a lion in the National Menagerie. Perhaps my metaphors might seem objectionable, were it not that we 'Republicans' have a right to talk of our servants' as we please. WRIGHT has a fine person and countenance. No one exhibits more calmness and dignity, or more narrowly watches the progress of debate.

I would tarry here, had I time and space, to serve up the stout framed BEXTON, and give you a touch of his manner of speaking, so odd to northern eye and ear, but doubtless the mode of his own Missouri, where his heart unquestionably is. I would have something to say of Senator SMITH, who in his dress connects this age with the days of our fathers and grandfathers; of PORTER, with his Irish face and Irish eloquence, a worthy son of the green isle of Erin, and of WILKINS, too, who never hates a joke, but I must pause.

And here let me remark, that I should like the Senate better, if it were not such a prodigious snuff box, and the snuff takers were less numerous. "Give me your snuff box," says Clay to Prentice; and "yours and yours," and thus a snuff box runs a journey for a day, from Senator to Senator, without ten minutes' rest. And, by the way, in a long day's session, let me add, the hungry Representatives bring in crackers and cheese, and gingerbread, into the House, and spread them out as for a dinner, upon their mahogany desks! If I had the pen of a Trollope, how I would lash them! And, indeed, why may I not undertake the reform, before some Hamilton comes in among us, and murders us all, for the sins of the few, who, having been but recently caught, we have not had time to civilize, so well as we shall by the time another session comes round? "Off with your legs, then, Gentlemen, not from your bodies but from your desks! Off with your gingerbread, your crackers and cheese! Cease your snoring and sleeping in your seats! Up from the notes, and no longer repose there, sprawled out like leviathans! Men will talk, whisper, tramp, rustle their papers, and yawn; this you are permitted to do; but I insist upon it, you shall not sleep, you shall not snore, you shall not 'feed,' and make a stable of your magnificent hall; for if you do, and the many English travelers, who have been hanging on this session, taking notes, don't print you all, I will!" I should like to turn Orthopedist, too, and teach the Yankees to leave off some of the breadth in their pronunciation of the short words, and to give the long ones more longitude and less latitude. The nasal twang of some of them is abominable. And I would teach the Southrons, likewise, some of them, that *stairs* are not *stare*, and *clear* weather not *clar* weather. And I would say too, that although *mighty smart* and a *mighty smart* chance; *mighty big* and *mighty little*, was excellent "nigger" dialect, yet it was not so refined, as an orator might use. But, after all, albeit you can see in Congress peculiarities of speech and pronunciation enough to indicate what portion of the country a member comes from, yet no country on earth can assemble

people from such a wide domain, where one language is spoken more correctly. The English, talking Irish, Scotch, Berkshire, Lancashire, and all manner of dialects, ought, of all nations, to be the last to laugh at us for our very few peculiarities.

Go with me, for a single moment, into Washington society. I can discourse little about splendor, magnificent suites of rooms, and gorgeous furniture; but if I had a woman's eye, which sees every thing, and marks every thing, I could make out quite a picture. A President's Levee is a delicious affair. What odd amalgamation of character! What strange groups of men and women! A Cherokee there; a Choctaw here; His Christian Majesty's Charge to the right, and squadrons of *Attaches* hither and thither; some in stars, some with ribbons, all in princely court dresses. A drab dressed, broad brimmed hat Quaker, here; a modern belle there; a thick built German, a happy Irishman, a glittering Frenchman, a proud Castilian, possessing all sorts of tongues, from that of the wild Indian, to the double refined and patent English; the easy dash; the mouth wide open, and head erect; take all in all, in such a current, and my word for it, such a collection cannot be found upon the face of the earth. But parties and balls are pretty much the same in Washington as any where else. Etiquette, it may be, is severer here; the art of *carding* is carried to sublimer perfection. Yet, the chief distinction is, the fine minds, the distinguished men, among whom you are thrown. The charm of Washington society is in the array of intellect, of character, of reputation, civil, political, and military, and of that influence which exerts a vast power over the destinies of our Union. We meet with men and women of the very first order of intellect, assembled from almost all nations, and from the various divisions of our country; thus concentrating an immense variety of information, manners, and customs. Talent nowhere finds more, who can appreciate its worth; no matter whether it be the mind that thunders in the forum, or the foot that trips it gracefully in the lively dance. This is our court; an odd court indeed, it is; but the only difference between us and our brethren over the water, is, that they have court dresses, and rules of etiquette, and we all sorts of dresses, and do as we please. There is no Parisian milliner in our dominions who can spread her wand over our whole Union; nor French *Peruqueter* who is monarch over the externals of the head, making every lock tremble at his bidding. As we are singular in government so we are singular in fashions. In such an assemblage, therefore, from so many quarters, costumes necessarily partake of the variety of tastes and fashions. But *jam satis*: I have taken my peep at the court city; alighting here, and sipping there; spurning the bitter, and extracting the sweet.—*Knickerbocker*.

SCIENCE.—Science, says the Providence Family Visiter, is the doctrine of natural causes and effects; the art of applying the principles of nature for the production of certain results, and of defining and illustrating their operations. Science is physical truth. Founded in nature, and all her operations directed by nature's laws, the path she points out must be undeviating, and the conclusion to which she arrives, definite and certain.

Man frequently errs in his views of things, mistakes the relative nature of cause and effect, and fixes an improper estimate on one or both. He may adopt wrong principles to guide him to a favorite object, or err in the application of right ones. He may by miscalculation, ruin the best devised plan and entirely frustrate his own train of operations. But the Error, whatever it may be, is his own, and in no respect chargeable to science; for she never errs. Where she leads the way the result is certain and infallible; and the ten thousand mistakes that occur, originate in human ignorance alone, for she is governed by invariable laws.

Science, the parent of art, is the handmaid of civilization; and to her we owe the comforts, conveniences, and refinements of life. She offers us therefore one of the noblest pursuits, in which it is possible the human mind can be engaged; and he who does most in the work of investigation, discovery, and the application of her laws, deserves to be classed among the greatest benefactors of mankind.

Vice is most dangerous when it puts on the semblance of virtue.

## THE HAUNTED TREE.

From the Cincinnati Mirror.

BY MRS F. W. BALL.

As yet the sounding axe had never reverberated through our forests. The bright and sparkling waves of the Muskingum, unchecked by the dams and drains with which commerce has shackled its course, swept joyfully on unseen by any eye but that of the aborigine. The pale faces had not yet penetrated so far, and though the brow of the Indian Sachem gathered darker and darker at each succeeding council fire, as he listened to the recital of the wandering hunter, while he told of inroads made by the bold pioneers, who, fearless of danger, had seated themselves along the shores of the Ohio; yet few of his tribe apprehended the near approach of enemies so feared and yet so hated; and the braves of the nation continued to war or hunt as fancy led, unrestrained by the mysterious terror that reigned in the bosom of their warrior chief.

Onalooosa was old; the snows of eighty winters had chilled his blood, and visions of futurity floated before his eyes as he dwelt with intense interest upon the stories which were borne back from time to time relative to the invaders of their lands. The bow of the hunter hung neglected in his wigwam; the scalping knife and tomahawk were thrown aside, while stretched beneath the tall and beautiful sycamores, which stood like mighty sentinels along the bank of the river, he feels his mind a prey to the anguish which a haughty spirit feels under the pressure of a calamity which no human exertion may avert. "And is it even thus?" said the sad warrior, as his eye glanced over the beautiful hills and tall forests by which he was surrounded; "and is it even thus, that the graves of our fathers and the homes of our childhood must be abandoned to a new race? Yes! the pale faces will stand over Onalooosa's grave, and not one red warrior will be there to tell he was the eagle of his tribe. But why should I murmur? another race was swept away to make room for ours," and his eye rested on one of those mighty mounds so frequently met with in the western states; "and we in turn must yield before the whites. Yet who are they for whom the red man must be swept from the earth?" and musing on this painful yet exhaustless theme, the old sachem perceived not the approach of a boat down the river, until the song of the boatmen burst in wild, strange music on his ear. Starting to his feet to fly, for he remembered he was unarmed, he turned to view the strangers, when astonishment chained him to the spot. In a boat differently constructed from any he had ever seen, sat a fair young girl, and a youth of about twenty summers; while the boat was guided by two men of large proportions, and skins which told too truly to the Indian that they belonged to the hated race of whites. Clapping his hands across his heaving chest, he continued to follow the boat with his eyes, while a whirl of bewildering thought rushed through his brain as the boat tranquilly floated down the stream. They could not be spirits from another world, for the young maiden's laugh rang gaily across the water, and they spake in tones though not understood, yet resembling human accents. Yes, they were white men.—The thought was worse than death; it was annihilation to his race, for the Indian knew that wherever the white man planted his foot, the red man must flee from before him.

Dark and gloomy were the looks of the chief as he summoned the elders of his tribe, and imparted to them his discovery that the white men were already in the heart of their country, and boldly sailed over their waters. The council fire was lighted, and fierce and high rose the debate; while the warriors of the tribe declared against their old chieftain who had so often led them to battle when he tried to repress their thirst for the stranger's blood; and with all that metaphorical eloquence which distinguishes the Indian orator, they invited each other to war—exterminating war; and spoke scornfully of their chieftain's timidity, as they deemed it. Onalooosa rose to his feet; age could not repress the fire that shot from his eye and curled his lip, as slowly and haughtily he looked round the assembled circle. "Who dared to say Onalooosa feared the stranger? He knows no fear, because he does no wrong. As well to say the eagle fears the sun when he wings his flight far above the cloud, yet touches not the god of day. But the Great Spirit, my brothers, has whispered to me that the path

lies open towards the setting sun, and we must obey."

At this moment all eyes were simultaneously turned towards the opening of the circle, where stood a knot of young warriors; and in their centre, bound and wounded, the chieftain recognized the beautiful fair girl who had passed him in the evening, resembling more a vision from another world than an inhabitant of this. Her shining tresses, that glanced to the setting sunbeams like threads of gold, were dabbled in gore; and the bright suffusion of health, and youth, and beauty had fled before the pallor of death.—The beautiful girl was dying, and faint and afar the war cry rung in her ear, and closed was the eye that had glanced so brightly over wood and river. Long the old chieftain looked upon this beautiful specimen of a race he believed would soon supersede his own; then resigning the symbols of his authority over the tribe, he made one last request, that the maiden might be buried under the spreading sycamore, where so often he had mused over the mournful destiny of his countrymen; and turning his steps towards the setting sun he was no more seen.

Nearly twenty years had elapsed, and the Indian wigwam had given place to the mill and the forge, which already presaged our rising prosperity, when an Indian canoe apparently loaded with skins, was seen at nightfall to row down the river. The occurrence was too common to elicit any remark, but when morning came the canoe was gone none knew whither; but it was observed that the ground was broken beneath a sycamore, and a pile of stones collected on the spot.—Often the mist from the river gleams in the still moonlight in fanciful folds around that tree, and imagination shadows out the form of the murdered maiden; and the lofty shade of the Muskingum Eagle, still seems to the fanciful to hover around the haunted tree.

SULLIVAN'S LETTERS.—Sullivan's Familiar Letters on Public Characters, and Public Events, just published in Boston, are attracting considerable attention. They are so political in their character as scarcely to come within the range of the topics to which this journal is limited. We can only make a few extracts, and confine ourselves today to the following:—

"Man's enemy, and the only enemy of the earth, who is the enemy of his own species."

"To the young men of the country, into whose hands these pages may chance to come, it may not be obtrusive to offer a word of counsel. Youthful aspiration naturally looks to the offices of the republic; and this is proper, when motives are pure, and intelligencies competent. But if it be one's self only that is cared for, there are many who can say, that the best office one can have, is his own farm, workshop, or office. Yet this absolves no one from the duties of a citizen.—It is the first of political duties to be a consistent, intelligent, constitutional republican. If one has no desire for office, still it is his duty to hold up to rulers, that they will be justly but severely judged of. The more one studies the institutions of his country, state and national, and the more he compares them with those of any other countries, ancient or modern, the more will he be convinced, that they deserve his best exertions to preserve and perpetuate them. Every young man who is worthy of living under such glorious institutions, should form and maintain opinions; not such as spring up in the hotbed of party excitement; not such as begin and end in getting this man in, and keeping that man out. But his opinions should rise on the broad and firm basis of constitutional right. What is it, in fact, to nine hundred and ninety-nine in every thousand, who is the governor of a state, or the President of the United States, so that he is an able, virtuous and conscientious man, and disdains the influence of corrupting party?"

It is perhaps not generally known that a piece of blotting paper, crumpled together to make it firm, and just wetted, will take ink out of mahogany. Rub the spot hard with the wetted paper, when it instantly disappears; and the white mark from the operation may be immediately removed by rubbing the table with a cloth.

A letter closed with the white of an egg, cannot be opened by the steam of boiling water, like a common wafer, as the heat only adds to its firmness.



## MONEDO—THE DAUGHTER OF SNOW.

BY M. M.

Many a long year since, there lived in Philadelphia a gentleman by the name of Ashton. An Englishman by birth, he emigrated to this country with the purpose of adopting it as his own. At the period when our story commences, Mr Ashton was almost alone on the earth. With the exception of a little daughter, who was now seven years old, he had survived a numerous and beloved family. His wife and children, one by one, had taken their final departure for another, and a better world. He was a man of wealth, and his temperament was peculiarly romantic, wandering, and adventurous. He traveled much, and his daughter, young as she was, usually accompanied him. Nothing, however, excited in him more profound and painful interest than the aborigines of the wilds. He had seen but little of them, although from his infancy he was familiar with the strange peculiarities of their character. He regarded them as a race of beings, possessing many good and evil qualities, and destined, by the Great Ruler of the Universe, for some noble and exalted purpose. His prospective theory, upon this subject, however visionary, was recommended at least by novelty; and as a proof that it was not utterly despicable, we have only to mention that its subversion was attempted by several learned and distinguished men of that age. With metaphysical disquisitions, however we have nothing to do; and without further prelude, we shall endeavor to follow up the incidents which our brief sketch proposes.

The banks of the Susquehanna were the frontiers of the country. Indian villages were scattered along the shore, beyond which the whites seldom attempted to pass, unless in large and well armed forces. Mr Ashton, anxious to acquaint himself with the manners and customs of the Red Men, set out, with a party of eight persons, exclusive of his daughter, with the design to reside for a time in their villages. He carried presents, with which he hoped to conciliate their favor; although he apprehended little or no danger. After a journey of five days, they found themselves upon the banks of the river already named, nearly opposite the site afterwards chosen for the capitol of Pennsylvania. They erected a tent in which to pass the night, and procure refreshments, before proceeding further. When the morning came, they were so much delighted with the surrounding scenery, that they all mutually consented to delay their departure. The hills, on every side ascended in beautiful gradations, and afforded a scene exceedingly lovely and picturesque. They passed their time in fishing and hunting; but were cautious to remain as much as possible in a body, lest they should be unceremoniously attacked by the lords of the forest. A little before sunset, on the third day, two Indians were observed lurking at a distance among the trees. Not until now, had the adventurers reflected on the imprudence of remaining thus exposed. The great caution, which they observed for their own safety, might very naturally induce a suspicion that they had come upon a hostile errand. Mr Ashton suggested the propriety of crossing the river as soon as practicable on the ensuing day; and accordingly, the necessary preparations were made. The next morning, while they were quietly partaking their homely breakfast, they heard a loud whistle resembling that of a partridge. Three of the company instantly seized their guns, and went with the hope of procuring game. The whistling still continued, but the report of their pieces was not heard; and as they remained a long time absent, three others were dispatched by Mr Ashton in pursuit; while he, his daughter, and another of the party remained behind. An hour elapsed, and not a single gun was fired, nor had one of the six returned. The whistling continued; but at a greater distance. This, for a time, was sufficient to account for the protracted absence, but another hour was speedily numbered with the preceding; and then a vague presentiment came over the mind of Mr Ashton that evil was abroad. He feared that his companions had been duped by the wild men's stratagem; and when he mentioned his doubts to his only remaining friend, he at once concurred in the belief. It was not a time for indecision. Their personal safety was periled. While they were devising, hurriedly, the best mode of proceeding, a tomahawk whirled by them and struck into a tree. Mr Ashton caught up his daughter in his arms, and dashed into

the underwood. He continued his way through the forest, for nearly a mile, when he arrived unexpectedly upon the borders of the river. He paused to recover from his exhaustion.

'I hear a strange noise,' said the little girl. 'A strange noise!' repeated the father. 'In which direction, my child?'

'Near yonder rock. You had better ascend the tree. It sounds like one in distress.'

Mr Ashton clambered into a tree, and to his dismay, he saw, at no great distance, three of his comrades stretched upon the ground. They were all apparently dead, excepting one, who was still writhing in the agonies of death. Their faces were stained and clotted with blood, and the gory scalp had been torn from every reeking skull. It was evident that they had been decoyed by the whistling, as they supposed, of a partridge; and in this way led on to their destruction. Mr Ashton was rapidly descending the tree, when the forest rang with Indian yells; and up sprung, immediately around him, a dozen gigantic forms. One of them seized upon the daughter, and holding her aloft, bore her away to the river. He leaped into a canoe, and dashing his oars into the water soon disappeared. The father was lashed to a tree, and doomed to be burnt at the stake, after the awful sacrificial ceremonies of his wild captors.

'Why is it,' he asked, 'that you seek to take my life? You have destroyed my companions, and carried off my daughter. Still you are not satisfied. You want my blood. Who can say that I ever injured you? Have I plundered your villages; or murdered your wives and children? Think not that a paleface is afraid to die; he only complains of injustice and cruelty. Will not the Great Spirit be offended?'

'You speak foolishness!' said one of the warchiefs. We cannot be deceived. You are full of bitterness. You come among us as a spy. You built your wigwam near our villages. We knew that we were in danger. We believed you were plotting our destruction. We watched you, that we might take your scalps. We succeeded. The palefaces say that we are cunning. It is right that we should be so. We will not be shot down like dogs. The Great Spirit made the rocks that they might hide us. You complain of injustice. You come to shoot our deer, and fish in our waters: but we have taken you prisoner. You tremble, because your heart is not brave. You stand before us and plead for mercy. Did the Saggenah ever show mercy to us? You say that we are cruel. Are we more cruel than the Yengese? Have you not driven us from our hunting grounds? Have you not marched your armies against us without cause? Have you not come upon us at night, like cowardly thieves, and butchered us as though we were beasts? A Red Man never forgets an injury.'

When this speech was concluded, Mr Ashton was left, for a time, to himself, while his captors went in search of faggots, to carry their sentence into execution. During their brief absence, a tall Indian woman made her appearance.

'You are to be burnt!' she said, addressing herself to Mr Ashton. He looked assent. 'It must not be,' she continued. 'There! now you are free. Go and tell your white sisters that an Indian woman gave their brother liberty. Fly quickly, or you will be overtaken.'

Mr Ashton profited by her advice; and hastily took his departure. He returned, at length, to Philadelphia, deeply grieved not only for the loss of his daughter but for those also, who had accompanied him.

Ten years from this period, we find him traveling in the Canadas. He was winding slowly along the banks of the St Lawrence, in company with a number of friends. A mile distant, there was a cluster of villages, inhabited by Indians and whites. Here they proposed to pass the night. Upon application, they procured the requisite accommodations. As the night was pleasant, Mr Ashton was not anxious to retire early to rest. He wandered out alone, and seated himself in a grove of trees. He heard voices and looking around, he saw at a distance a young man seated beside an Indian girl. He approached a little nearer without being observed—and as the moon was shining brightly, he had a full view of their features. It did not require much discernment to perceive that they were indulging in the romance of love.

'They say you have given your heart to

Monedo—the daughter of Snow,' said the girl, looking earnestly into the face of her companion. 'An Indian woman bestows her affections only on one; but the Snow Skins divide theirs with many. You say you are sorry that you must leave me; but I shall soon pass from your memory. You may weep in my presence; but Monedo will dry up your tears.'

'I will deceive you no longer,' said the young man. 'Monedo is to be my wife. She comes to the village tomorrow, when we will be united according to the rites of the Christian people. Who will say I ought not to love her! She is already my sister. She was stolen away by the Red Men from among her people; and she longs to be restored to their society. Would you be pleased to see her pine away in those solitudes, like a withered flower?'

'You talk very wisely,' said the girl, with an angry look. 'You whispered many things in my ear, which I was a fool for believing. You are like the serpent, winding itself in the grass. Bear away my contempt; because you have lied like a drinker of fire water. Fly to the arms of your beloved, and bestow upon her your false and perjured heart.' As she thus spoke, she rose up, and walked haughtily away.

The next day, the village rang with the news of Monedo's arrival. Every one was praising her beauty, or hurrying on to obtain a sight of her person. Mr Ashton, on inquiry, was told that she was a captive from the white settlements, who had lived many years among the Indians, but was now to be surrendered to a rich young trader, who designed to become her husband. She had received various names. By some she was called Monedo, or the Spirit; and by others, the daughter of Snow, because her complexion was so exceedingly delicate.

The reader need scarcely be informed that Mr Ashton with the yearning desire of a bereaved and lonely heart, cherished the hope that it was no other than his lost daughter. There was nothing to encourage the imagination or to justify the surmise—still he could not divest himself of the belief. He hastened to the spot, where the nuptials were to be celebrated; and he was not disappointed. Monedo sprang forward, like an angel of light, and was clasped in the endearing embraces of her overjoyed parent. The young trader, who was about to become her husband, also shared in the happiness that this unexpected meeting occasioned; and thus the day, that had dawned so sadly, passed merrily away. Many an affluent and delicate lady among us fails, with all her attractions, to win as good a husband as the captive Monedo found in the forest. The descendants of this union are now a rich, respected and powerful family in one of the Atlantic cities. —*North American Magazine.*

**A FINE WOMAN.**—It is pleasant to observe how differently modern writers and the inspired author of the book of Proverbs describe a fine woman. The former confine their praise chiefly to personal charms and ornamental accomplishments, while the latter celebrates only the virtues of a valuable mistress of a family, and a useful member of society. The one is perfectly acquainted with all the fashionable languages of Europe—the other opens her mouth with wisdom, and is perfectly acquainted with all the uses of the needle, the distaff and loom. The business of the one is pleasure; and the pleasure of the other is business. The one is admired abroad, the other at home. Her children rise up and call her blessed; her husband also praises her.

There is no name in the world equal to this, nor is there a note in music half so delightful as the respectful language with which the son or daughter perpetuates the memory of a sensible and affectionate mother.

**REVOLUTIONS IN SCIENCE.**—Half a century (said Cuvier) had sufficed for a complete metamorphosis in science; and it is very probable that in a similar space of time we also shall have become ancient to a future generation. These motives ought never to suffer us to forget the respectful gratitude we owe to those who have preceded us, or to repulse without examination the ideas of youth; which, if just, will prevail, whatever obstacles the present age may throw in their way. —*Mrs Lee's Memoirs of Cuvier.*

A habit of procrastinating is to the mind what palsy is to the body.

**PROSPECTUS of the THIRD VOLUME** of the LITERARY INQUIRER, AND REPERTORY OF LITERATURE AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE, which will be commenced on or about the first Wednesday in July of the present year, and be distinguished by such important and valuable improvements and so large an increase in the quantity of reading matter, (without any advance in price,) as to render it one of the best and cheapest periodicals in the United States.

This journal, which was commenced on the first of January, 1832, under the patronage of the Buffalo Lyceum, is devoted to Original and Selected Tales, Essays, Historical and Biographical Sketches, Literary Notices, Poetry, and General Intelligence. It is published weekly on a sheet of the same size as the New York Mirror, and, like that journal, each page of the third volume will have three wide and well filled columns: it will be printed on paper of fine quality, and with nearly new type, in quarto form, making in the year two volumes of twenty-six numbers, or two hundred and eight large pages. At the end of each volume a handsome title page and copious index will be given.

The proprietor of the Literary Inquirer gratefully announces the encouraging fact, that the number of subscribers has so rapidly increased within the last few weeks, as to leave of an edition of more than a thousand copies scarcely fifty complete sets of the back numbers. Indeed, since the termination of the First Volume, the number of our subscribers has been nearly doubled. Desirous of doing every thing in our power to evince our gratitude for this signal and unexpected success, we are induced to propose some alterations in our original plan, which can not fail to give great and very general satisfaction. Among the contemplated improvements of our succeeding volumes, are the TOTAL EXCLUSION OF ADVERTISEMENTS—the substitution of THREE WIDE COLUMNS for the four narrow ones at present used—and the division of every year's numbers into two VOLUMES, each containing two hundred and eight large quarto pages. It is scarcely necessary to remark, that those who prefer doing so, can have two or more volumes bound in one; so that, while to new subscribers the proposed arrangement will be important, it need not increase a single cent the expense of our old ones.

When we commenced the second volume, it was our intention to devote about two pages and a half to advertisements, from which we expected to derive a yearly income of from three to five hundred dollars, in addition to the saving arising from the reduced quantity of new matter that we should have weekly to furnish. Hence subscribers will perceive the absolute necessity of complying with our request to pay in advance, that we may be enabled to meet our large and greatly increased weekly expenditures. It is universally acknowledged, that, even at present, the Literary Inquirer is one of the best and cheapest papers published in Western New York; and when the contemplated improvements are made and advertisements excluded, it will, we think, bear a comparison with the oldest and most approved periodicals in the country.

Of the third volume, to be commenced in July next, the first five pages of each number will constitute the Literary Department, including original and selected articles of an instructive and entertaining nature. The sixth and seventh pages will be devoted to General Intelligence, under which head will be furnished brief and interesting reports of the operations of benevolent societies, literary institutions, &c.; concise accounts of the more important proceedings of our national and state legislatures, with occasional extracts from public documents and speeches of extraordinary interest; a summary of the latest and most important news—domestic and foreign; marriages, deaths, &c. The last page will be chiefly occupied with original and selected poetry, but will occasionally contain scientific intelligence, humorous sketches, &c.

Some time since the editor offered a premium of Fifty Dollars for the best Original Tale that should be written for this paper; Twenty-five Dollars for the best Original Poem; and Twenty-five Dollars for the best Original Biography of some eminent character. The contributions sent in competition for these premiums have been all submitted to the committee, and we propose publishing the *Prix Annuaire* in the first number of our third volume.

The terms are only two dollars per annum, in advance; two dollars and a half, within six months; or three dollars at the end of the year. Six months, one dollar and twenty-five cents in advance; or one dollar and a half at any time within that period. Three months, seventy-five cents in advance; or one dollar at any time within that period.

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W. FERRINDER,  
177, Main street, Buffalo.

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\* \* Editors with whom we exchange, are requested to give the above a few insertions.

Printed and published every Wednesday, by William Ferrinder, proprietor, at 177 Main street, Buffalo.



## BRITISH LITERATURE.

*Biographical and Critical History of the Literature of the last Fifty Years.*

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

[Continued from page 183.]

HISTORY.—The British historians of the last fifty years are numerous, and some of them of great original genius; but they are, in general, more remarkable for diligence than dignity; for graphic spirit of detail, than loftiness of sentiment or massive vigor of narration. The subjects on which they have expatiated are very various, and some of universal interest; but they may be accused of having seldom chosen one of a complete or a commanding character; they have taken a portion and but rarely the whole, and related the story of a settlement, or of an expedition, rather than the united fortunes of a whole people. We have political, religious, military, commercial, constitutional, and colonial histories, exhibiting religious animosities or party hues, and deformed by the sentiments of interest or prejudice; but none exhibiting in one picture the united energies of a great nation in arts and arms, in commerce and policy.—Though not so happy in the selection of subjects as some of their earlier brethren, it cannot be denied that they have shown research and learning both patient and extensive; neither will it be questioned, that in simplicity and ease of language, and dramatic liveliness of narrative, they have equalled the elder historians; yet, at the same time, it must be confessed, that they are inclined to be too gossiping, philosophical, minute, and controversial. Though they have not selected good subjects, it would be unfair to say that such are wanting; no one has thought of writing of that terrible war which shook the nations of Europe—we have had but some of the episodes; neither have we had a history of British literature, of which the poetic portion was commenced by Warton. These omissions are rather a reproach to the nation than to its literary men; there is no public encouragement, and historians are more willing to follow taste than perish in dictating to it.

JOHN LINGARD has written a history of England, and spared neither research nor learning to render it accurate and enduring. He has other qualities; his sagacity is only equalled by his eloquence, and the simple and concise vigor of his language, by the lucid eloquence of his arrangement: he wants the happy, unsolicited easiness of Hume, and the picturesque splendor of Gibbon; yet in effect, he is scarcely inferior; and he has a certain historic dignity of manner united with vivid description. He had already prepared the way for his history, by the "Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon Church," and in his "Vindication of the Romish Church from the Attacks of Dr Huntingford, Bishop of Gloucester."—In the first, there is much research and peculiar erudition, and, in the latter, calmness and ability; but in both he gives distinct evidence of his more than sympathy with the fallen fortunes of the power of Rome in this country, and his dislike to the church which supplanted it. The learning and eloquence displayed in these works, and the love which was shown for the ancient church, induced the world to expect from his History of England a clear and equable narrative of events, written in a style at once agreeable and nervous; and displaying on every page industry, learning and acuteness; showing a spirit which refused to drink at modern wells, but went at once to the fountain head of old intelligences; but with these high expectations was coupled a fear that the Roman Catholic sympathies of the historian would be more than shown in his allusions to all that concerned the interests or honor of his church; and without believing that he would forsake the paths of truth, it was dreaded, that in his portraits his color would be brighter and his expression diviner than candor warranted. In neither of these matters has the world been disappointed.

As volume followed volume of this new history, it was observed, with much regret, that the historian contemplated the growing freedom of the Commons of England with coldness, if not with dislike, and reserved his love and warmth for the struggles which the Churchmen maintained so long and so successfully against their earthly king in favor of their spiritual one. Under the banner of the Pope he marches boldly to battle, like one who, in such a cause, has a charmed life and a blessed sword; but, under the banner of the King, when displayed against the usurpation of the hierarchy, he steps like a conseript, and looks like one who knew his sword was blunt and his armor not proof. He is ready to aid no one but the clergy in pulling down kings; and he only does this that he may raise up a clerical idol in their stead. The account which he gives of the quarrel of Edwy with Dunstan is more favorable to that turbulent and audacious saint than ancient history warrants; and his narrative of the bloody day of St Bartholomew may be called an apology for the massacre. Humanity, it is true, whispers a kind-hearted writer to adopt the least outrageous version of a story, surpassing in horror the darkest fictions of tragedy; but the humanity of Lingard is never awakened save when the church bell is rung;

and those acquainted with the historians of the time, catholic as well as protestant, cannot but feel that he has misrepresented the essential points, and represented a long-determined-upon deed of atrocity, which swept to a bloody grave at least thirty thousand innocent human beings, as a hasty resolution of the moment, and its martyrs as amounting to no more than ten thousand.

That Lingard should represent the Reformation as hurtful to the glory of the Catholic church cannot be wondered at, seeing that she was crushed in the contest; that he should represent it as unnecessary, is a marvel, and shows singular hardihood of assertion. He has not only done this, but he has endeavored to prove that the fabric of the Romish church is reared according to Scripture, and that the reformed structure stands on a shelving sand. Leaving this to be settled by divines and others conversant with holy writings in the learned tongues, it would not be difficult to prove, from the lips of the Romish hierarchy, that the reformation was a necessary thing for the northern part of our island at least. In 1549 a provincial council was held, first in Linlithgow, and then in Edinburgh, at which James Hamilton, Archbishop of St Andrews, presided. There were present one archbishop, six bishops, two vicars-general, ten abbots and priors, three commendators, twenty-seven friars of different orders, besides professors, doctors, and licentiates in theology.—This council sat long; its canons are remarkable on many accounts, and particularly for their preamble. It begins with the charge of St Paul, Acts xx. 28, and then sets forth as the two prime causes of heresy—1. The corruption and profane lewdness of the clergy of almost every degree; 2. Their gross ignorance in all arts and sciences. "Knox himself," says the accurate Lord Hailes, "could not have said any thing more severe. Indeed the first book of his history is little more than a rude and uncourtly commentary on the two causes of heresy mentioned in the ecclesiastical canons." Had the Romish church reformed itself, no ruder hand would have meddled with it; the hierarchy, instead of purifying the sacred places, and opening the gospels to the people, that he that ran might read, kindled a fire to burn unbelievers; which consumed themselves.

Nor is this the only charge which has been urged against the historian; his slavish affection for his church has blinded him in matters equally important; he looks with aversion or indifference on the bold struggles made by the people for freedom, and justifies the conduct of that fierce conqueror Edward the First, both in crushing the Welsh and in oppressing the Scots. With Lingard, and with no one else of these times, the chiefs of Wales are rebels, and the heroes of Scotland traitors. He sees in the homage rendered for the northern counties of England, the submission for the whole of Scotland, and persists in imagining a jurisdiction which never existed in the face of ten thousand facts. He is afraid to countenance the bold assertion of civil freedom made by the people of Scotland, lest he should have to allow the same privilege in spiritual matters, though if he had reflected that the Pope claimed Scotland as the holder of the bones of St Andrew, the historian would have paused perhaps, before he conceded so much to one who claimed only through the sword. In truth, Dr Lingard, with all his research and learning and genius, is but a monk of the fourteenth century as far as respects freedom civil and religious; he maintains the supremacy which the priests of Rome assumed over all the churches of Europe; he allows the thrones of princes to be justly shaken when papal thunder did it; and he advocates the celibacy of the clergy, though he could not but know, if he did not feel, that nature was like a fox chained up, and when freed, took wild indulgence for a little abstinence. Many, said Dryden, carry their virtue to a convent, and lose it there. The celibacy of ecclesiastics is a superstitious refinement on the law of God and nature; could men have been kept alive without food as well as without marriage, the same refinements would have forbidden eating and drinking. The passions, wild and strong, though restrained for a time, broke through all restraint, and the flagitious lives of the Roman clergy supplied themes for tradition and ballad even to writers of their own faith. "When men become odious, they soon grow contemptible," says Lord Hailes; and when the established clergy become contemptible in the eyes of the people, their existence depends upon the state." The professional bigotry of this historian will injure his work in the eyes of posterity.

In vigor and variety of genius ROBERT SOUTHY has few equals. He ranks in poetry with the foremost; in criticism none can be named more sensible and accurate; in biography he is without rivals; while in history he occupies the first rank, and is on the right hand. His natural talents, as well as his acquirements, belong to the historic order; the simplicity and dignity of his sentiments and conceptions harmonize wondrously with his almost miraculous command of his mother tongue, and unite gracefully with learning more minute and extensive than has distinguished any historian since the days of Gibbon. The flowing ease and old English grace

of his language have induced those who admire measured pomp of words to bring a charge of negligence against him which will not be entertained for a moment by one who studies his pages; there, all is simple, clear and harmonious; there is no tiptoe dignity, nor weak sentiments, buckramed up with big words. His three great works "The History of the Peninsular War," his "Book of the Church," and "The History of Brazil," should be studied by all who desire to know how history is composed; it was no sudden effort of imagination which raised structures so well proportioned, so beautiful and so durable.

To "The History of the Peninsular War," he brought not only an honest heart and clear judgment, and a feeling for whatever is heroic and free, but those powers of combination which reach far and wide, and enable a good historian, like a great general, to expand or gather together his strength, and conduct with ease the masses which he sets in motion. The scientific skill of a commander is visible in all the motions of Southey; he sees, as with the eye of an eagle from the cloud, the whole Peninsula spread out before him; he makes himself familiar with its mountains, its vales, its forests, its strengths natural and artificial; he looks on the people and their condition—weighs the noble against the knave, and then proceeds to relate the fortunes of the land in its great contest for freedom with the greatest conqueror of modern times. This history for accuracy of information, for living pictures of the encounters of the adverse hosts, for pathetic truth of delineation, whether he records the fate of armies, or cities, or individuals, has not yet been equalled. It is true that some Spanish writers have questioned his accuracy, and that some critics at home have charged him with high coloring; that he cannot have the minute knowledge of many important things which native writers possess, and that he should take the part of the oppressed cannot be wondered at, and need not be extenuated. He loves his country, he loves national independence, and he has written in the spirit of a free man; in all leading points he is correct;—nay, it is a marvel that he is so correct, seeing that he had to gather his knowledge from so many sources—had to reconcile the accounts of different parties, and decide between the statements of combatants, who stood with wrath in their eyes and blood on their swords. Nor is his history a mere narrative only of martial movements and whirlwind descriptions of battles; it bears evidence of a mind "richly stored with the treasures of Spanish literature—the romantic chronicles, the religious legends, the wild traditions of Spanish lore, the deep seated superstitions, the local associations, the ancient and present manners and feelings of the people, are all so familiar to him, that it would seem that the temptation to dwell on them were irresistible whenever the casual mention of church or convent suggested the legend of its saint, or the scene of modern events recalled the memory of the olden times." The censure indicated in this quotation is praise; these episodes throw sunshine upon the darkness of war; we inhale the fresh air of tradition or legend with delight, when half suffocated with the steams of carnage.

"The Book of the Church," is distinguished by a deep reverence for the gospel, a love for religion, simple and pure as it came from Jesus, and for a dislike, amounting sometimes to loathing, to superstition which seeks to blind, and mislead, and domineer. To this work he came armed with all such lore as the subject required; and it is admitted that his portraits of the churches are exact in all essentials; vigorous without caricature, and minute without meanness. He has, it is true, given offence to many members of the Romish church by the freedom with which he has discussed liberty of conscience, and the opening of Scripture to English eyes; nor has he avoided touching the pride of dissenters, by his eulogy on the learning and scriptural dignity of the Church of England. As a Presbyterian myself, I feel nothing offended with a man so sincere and virtuous as Southey, when he maintains that his mother church is the image of Scripture; I am glad to see an advocate so wise, so learned and so eloquent, rise up in the cause of truth; and though I feel persuaded that the simplicity of presbyterianism is more according to the Gospels than the gorgeousness of episcopalianism, I cannot look upon him otherwise than as a brother, seeing that we differ but in discipline. His difference regarding the Romish Church is another thing: the idols which he desired to see tossed indignantly out of the sanctuary, have been defended as things too divine to be parted with—and so the matter stands.

In unity, diversity and originality, the "History of Brazil" is the noblest of all the prose works of Southey. The fault which critics have found with it—namely, that it is a record of the movements of savage hordes, and the actions of invaders still more barbarous, is its greatest merit. The description is just; but the picture which the historian displays is one of the most vivid, most instructive, and original, in the whole range of our literature. Horde after horde of people, half savage in manners, but noble in nature, pass in review before us; fine discrimination of character, and a spirit which perceives

and paints difference of superstition, of manners and dispositions, in innumerable communities which, to an ordinary thinker, would seem one people, are the distinguishing features of the work; and to this must be added the change wrought upon them by Christian invaders, who sought to plunder them with one hand, and with the other to establish a superstition among them, in many things as gross and dark as their own. I have heard it said that the work is too long; he who made the remark could not have read it: variety of scene, change of character, romantic incident, and a succession of strange adventures, related in language simple and energetic, can never seem long to any reader who is not equally drowsy of eye and dull of intellect. The fine earnest tone, too, of the historian, shows how deeply he feels his subject: he is, in fact, master of it; he never strains and gasps like one in up-hill work; all is graceful and fluent; he is ever in his strength and always at his ease. For some time he has been contemplating the continuation of Warton's "History of Poetry"; this is a task worthy of him, and, to a mind so full as his, of easy accomplishment: it is a work, too, which should be patronized by the country. The way of life of Southey is rational and dignified; he resides at Keswick: has a handsome house, a study, and a noble library: he gives a certain number of hours daily to his pen—for when he is in health, the mercury of his genius is always at the right point—and bestows the rest on his family and his friends: he is as hospitable as he is accomplished.

GEORGE CHALMERS in his "Caledonia," and SHARON TURNER in the "History of the Anglo Saxons," have shown an extensive acquaintance with old British lore, and a patience of inquiry unexampled in modern literature. It was the wish of both to exhibit a correct likeness of the people and the country during a period remote and dark; and they have both succeeded so far as research can reach. In purity and elegance, and clear methodical arrangement, the Englishman is the superior, and his work will probably carry his name to distant times with no little fame as a historian; but in research, accumulation of matter, and all that renders antiquarian labor valuable, Chalmers excels: his language is, however, strange and uncouth, and abounds in burly words, awkward metaphors, overwhelming epithets, and sentences immeasurably long, and as complicated as a Chinese puzzle. Concerning the political and social condition of the Saxon tribes—for they were not one community—the history of Turner is copious and minute: as warriors, they were courageous, daring and inventive; they feared no enemy, and accepted battle as their descendants did at Poitiers and Agincourt, against all odds. When wars and inroads ceased, they laid aside the spear and the sword, and with rude instruments tore, rather than ploughed the ground, and, scattering the corn, saw it rise, without knowing whose hand might reap it. They got a glimmering of Christian light, and civilization followed: schools were established, chronicles were written, poetry was penned; wheat and barley were cultivated; sheep and oxen appeared in their pastures; apples and plums in their gardens; the rude shed became a house: women coveted costly bracelets and necklaces; and men in youth built castles and fought battles; in old age they founded churches and made pilgrimages: in short, their history is that of savage hordes which have become great nations.

The "Caledonia" is to the "Anglo Saxon History" what Stonehenge is to a carved font in an old cathedral. It is one of the children of Anak. In deep research, and heaping together of matter, the "Britannia" of Camden fades away before it. A life, a long and busy one, was almost exclusively devoted to this stupendous work: the author lived to complete it, and no more. The concluding volume is still in manuscript; and no bookseller has appeared willing to hazard the expense of giving to the world a thousand pages quarto. This is one of those cases in which literature is not its own reward; and had Chalmers lived in any land under the sun save this, his "Caledonia" would have been published by the government, and the learned author pensioned. A work of this kind, it is true, is not alluring to the public: few men now—such is the mill horse labor of life—have leisure to encounter such a task as a historical and topographical account of a country, measured over a space of two thousand pages; particularly when not enticed by the charms of style, elegance of arrangement, or the sorcery of romantic legends. Nor is Chalmers the only worthy name which the shameless disregard of this country for its true glory has allowed to pass unnoticed and unrewarded. The "Dictionary of the Scottish Language," by Dr JAMIESON, is scarcely inferior to the "Caledonia" in learning, research and sagacity. His late majesty allowed the author one hundred a year; this very moderate pension has been discontinued.

[Continued at page 196.]

In excavating a water passage in New Britain a few days since, a joint of the back bone of the Mammoth was dug up by the workmen.—Further searches are making, and new discoveries are expected to be made.



## PEACE SOCIETIES.—NO. IV.

In order that philanthropists, Christians, and good men may see that it is no slight evil which Peace Societies would remedy; in order that all who have hearts, mercies, and the feeling of sympathy for man, may have right views of the benevolent purposes of the Society, and right excitements to join heart and hand to enlist under the same banner, let me present some of the aspects of war. Let me delineate some traits of its horror and guilt:

There is no need of settling the value of the boon of life or delineating the magnitude of the evil of death. To the million, with some very few unnatural exceptions, the one is the highest good, the other the last evil of our nature. War has been the horrid sport of despots, conquerors, kings, and rulers, from the earliest periods of recorded history. The pages of this bloody chronicle, that are most greedily perused, are the records of these wars. To this horrid demon has been poured out the life blood of thousands of millions upon the high places of the field. The appropriate victims have been men, active, in the prime of life, and in the central point of the sphere of usefulness; men, the hale and strong who were, or were to be, husbands and fathers; the very strength of their age. These have been the victims; and the spared have been children, widows, feeble and childless fathers and mothers, left to poverty, famine, tears, and pestilence. If the bones of the hecatombs of war for the past five thousand years could be collected in one mighty Golgotha, they would form mountains higher than the Andes. If the human blood shed by accursed reckless kings and conquerors to human misery, could flow in one mighty river, it would crimson every ocean. The tears of widows, orphans, childless, and desolate, that have flowed from the same source, would fill the beds of lakes and seas. Add to the bones of the slain on the field of battle the corpses strewn on the wide Aceldama of the world by famine and pestilence, the two gaunt and horrible fiends, that are the invariable concomitants of war, and we should behold whole mountains of bodies. To measure the agony endured by each individual that fell we have only to look into our own bosom, and learn from our own conscious identity the extent of our love of life and death. Each one of the former had loved peace, life, aspirations, shrinkings, perceptions as intense as ours, and a right as natural and unalienable to life and happiness. Yet Alexander, who virtually was the murderer of three millions, is still called *great*; and Napoleon, who rose from his profound obscurity to the terrible capacity of slaying three millions more, whose last cry, as he struggled with that of death which he had thus often caused to be inflicted upon others, was the vain command to send it among his ranks instead of receiving it himself; who feebly shouted *"tête d'armée,"* as he expired, was guarded, and fed on his rock; and has been sung by poets and eulogized by orators and has furnished memoirs for a thousand tomes. The man, who virtually murdered three millions of his fellows, fills a larger place in history, painting, eloquence, and song, than any man of his age. Such is the award of our age, reared, under the influences of a physical education, to a man who under the canons of the common distribution of justice, had he possessed three millions of lives, would have forfeited them all to the laws. With such forbearance and tenderness, too, have the moralists of all ages, and the Christian ministers of eighteen centuries, treated the demon of war, that, while we have had eloquent homilies against all other immoralities; while bishops and fathers of the church have been canonized for the eloquence & efficiency with which they have assailed and put down the lesser vices, while millions of sermons and satires have been leveled against immorality, or too much display in dress, while the mint and cummin of morality have been most assiduously cultivated, while common places have been exhausted upon the doubtful conduct, which in one age has been deemed right and in another wrong, the guilt and enormity of this fell destroyer, including the seeds of all other guilt and crimes, has scarce been touched upon. While the ministers of the gospel have left us thousands of volumes of school divinity, discussions of mere matters of form or points of doubtful dissipation, but here and there a single Fenelon or William Penn from age to age has borne a brief testimony against war. Strange, that every

point of the kingdom of darkness has been assailed, but the central bulwark. Alas! kings and conquerors, and those whom the age calls *great*, have kept the keys of this kingdom of blood and darkness. Success in its adopted worship has been called heroism and greatness. Place and honor, and fame and riches have been in the gift of its votaries; and war has never wanted the vernal praise of the poet and the orator, the prayers and anthems of the church, and the *prudent* and tender forbearance of its ministers.

The best semblance of an apology for a war is that under its banners the lazy, dissipated, and immoral portions of the community are collected as stipendiaries, and swept away by its besom, cease to become cumberers of the ground. It may, perhaps, be true; that it may seem less revolting to a careless inspection thus to dispose of this portion of the community, than to see them die with famine and disease, or as victims to public justice. There would certainly be more force in this presentation of the subject, if the degraded men, who for the most part form the armies of princes and states, found in the people whom they assail no other antagonists than abandoned mercenaries, like themselves. But these swarms of mercenaries, who hire themselves to murder, as laborers to till the soil, invade peaceful towns, villages and fields, where dwell laborious mechanics and peaceful husbandmen and peasants, nestled in their humble homes, who know nothing of the causes of the accursed fray which devotes them to slaughter; their wives and daughters to these leagued masses of rapine, lust, blasphemy and murder; and their cottages and fields to conflagration. Beside, famine and pestilence are not confined to the mercenary camps, but spread in the boroughs and hamlets among the aged and infirm, the widows and orphans, that war had spared. Wars sweep away the innocent with the guilty, the useful with the useless, the conscribed and peaceful peasant with the abandoned miscreant who fights for hire. Beginning with reckless outcasts, its ultimate ravages fall with tenfold destruction upon the simple inhabitants of the villages and fields, who desire nothing of their rulers, but that, having paid their tithes to their exactors, they may enjoy the humble pittance that remains to them, in peace. War is altogether an accursed work of blood and tears; and every effort made to disguise one of its horrors, much more to find apologies and counterbalancing advantages, is the vile sophism of a viler intellect.

Never was more bitter sarcasm condensed in so brief a space, than in the paragraph in which Dean Swift assigns what are deemed sufficient and legitimate grounds for making war in modern times. If a state is deemed too large or too small, too weak or too strong, too rich or too poor, too populous or too destitute of inhabitants, its head too old or too young, all these conditions are sufficient grounds for attacking it. It may be attacked for having a false religion, or for having no religion. A quarrel between drunken and reckless marines on the high seas is a sufficient pretext for shedding the blood of two hundred thousand men. In a word, any one of these quarrels and collisions, without a motive, which are every day occurring between individuals, may become a sufficient pretext, appealing to national hatred, and difference of language and religion, for war.

The next shade in this revolting picture, is the manner in which princes and rulers conduct on the occasion of declaring war. Some grey, headed Machiavelian, venerable for his experience in the reasons of state, is appointed to produce a show of pretext, and assign the reasons which may give to the unthinking million some semblance of justice to the cause; and these are set forth in a manifesto or declaration. Millions, in the form of taxes, contributions and loans, distributed among contractors and speculators, and sutlers, and surveyors, another swarm of ill omened harpies of prey, that always hover about camps, enable princes and ministers to subsidize every corrupt agent, every unprincipled instrument in the land. All become links in the chain of slavery and crime, and all help to sustain each other's countenances and strengthen each other's hands. Armories, meanwhile, sharpen swords, burnish muskets and cast cannon; and while gunpowder is manufactured, religious fasts are proclaimed, and pastors convoke their congregations to implore God, in the name of the Prince of Peace, to give the sanction of

success to a cause, which, no ways changed in its real nature by the hallowed pretext, is the cause of rapine and murder. The temples are opened, and the priests, in their most imposing vesture and ceremonial, stand around the altar. Statesmen are there, surrounded with that estimation of profoundness and that atmosphere of ignorant homage, which in the eye of the multitude, always envelops power. Warriors are there, in the nodding plumes, and glittering trappings of martial show, a pageant in the view of the million in all time of stupid fascination. Princes, rulers marshals, the titled, and high born fair, the dignity, strength, and beauty of the land are there; and thus has reason in all ages been beguiled by a mere animal appeal to the eye and senses. It is a Christian solemnity to impose upon the multitude the impression, that God will espouse the cause. Christian hymns are sung; and the people reverently rise, while the minister of the altar invokes the Lord God of Sabbath to go forth on the side of their armies, and give counsel and skill to their leaders, and invincible strength and courage to their soldiers, to vanquish their enemies; and that He will blow with His wind upon their fleets and bury them in the deep, or enable their armaments to meet and conquer them. Oh! would the people strip this ceremonial, this gaudy pageant, of its fantastic mockery of deception, and present it to their minds in the clear light of reason and truth, what an impious and abhorrent blasphemy would all this appear!

After many gorgeous scenes, in which princes have conferred honors and swords upon commanders, who are to go out and "fight manfully for their country and king"—strange infatuation!—have smiled upon the future murders, and with their white hands have waived them on to their bloody purpose, —the terrible pageant, externally, all glitter, pomp, and circumstance, and within, all hunger, disease, corruption, and misery, marches with its squadrons and divisions, its calvary and artillery, banners displayed, pennons streaming, and martial music resounding; and as the squadrons move on in their regular and serried ranks, the admiring multitudes from city, village, and field gaze with quickened pulses and throbbing bosoms, and say, as the host moves by, "this is glorious war!"

The grand army plundering, alike friend and enemy on its passage, has finally passed the broad stream or mountain range, or frith of the sea, that separates their country from that of their foe. Long columns of smoke stream up from their line of march indicating that villages are burned and fields trampled in the dust,—that unoffending peasants, who know nothing about the causes of the invasion, contribute their last blanket and last loaf,—it may be are harnessed to the artillery to drag forward the cannon to fire upon their kindred and countrymen. Their wives and daughters are violated under their eye; and their fathers and mothers, and helpless infants are left to die of destitution and despair, as they are forced away as prisoners of war. These are the exploits which have been consecrated with fasting and prayer!

## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

## THE WEST INDIES.

To the Editor of the Journal of Belles Lettres.

## LETTER VII.

St Thomas, March 14, 1834.

The exterior of this island has, from the sea, a rude and uncultivated aspect; its high hills are covered with stunted trees, and its shores present a steep and rocky margin whereon many a good vessel has been shattered to fragments. But presently you see, on a point of land to the left, a small fortification which guards the entrance to the harbor. On the western side of the latter are three hills, upon which the town is built; and these hills being directly surmounted by much higher ones, and the whole bay environed in like manner, the effect produced is both picturesque and romantic.

St Thomas is a Danish colony, but its port is free to all nations. Every article of foreign growth or manufacture is brought in here duty free. We landed without any interference from police men or custom house officers, and commenced a search for lodgings. To our surprise we found but two houses of entertainment in the place, and one of these is very indifferent; the other, kept by a free mulatto, is much better, and afforded us a comfortable domicile.

Scarcely had we landed when we received an invitation to dine with E. S., esq., for many years past a merchant of St Thomas. The residence of this gentleman is on the side of one of the three hills of which I have spoken, and we arrived at it by means of a vast flight of steps, which constitute a highway to some of the upper parts of the town. We passed a delightful evening with this most amiable family, who appear to possess, under their own roof, all the elements of human happiness.

March 3.—Dined, by invitation, with the governor, M. Rosenhorn, an elderly gentleman of affable manners. There were about twenty guests, many of whom were Danes, but most of them spoke good English. A large party of both sexes was invited for the evening, and as soon as they began to arrive we took leave not wishing to dance or play at cards, which were announced for the evening entertainment.

The situation of St Thomas renders it a cleanly town. The streets are broad, and the houses well built; but the space that can be occupied by buildings is so confined, that rents are very high. In truth, almost all the necessities of life bring an extravagant price,—probably three times as much as they cost in Philadelphia. A leg of mutton sells for thirty cents the pound; a good turkey two dollars and a half; and milk, butter, and other essentials, cost in proportion. Green turtle is cheap, but the sauce for it is dear; so that, by the time it is dressed, it ranks with the expensive luxuries of the table.

Slavery, in this island, presents to my view a more repulsive aspect than in any other place we have visited; but this circumstance grows in part out of certain indulgences. Sunday being their only holiday, they are allowed to spend it according to their own fancy, of which I had ample evidence; for the basement room of our hotel, being a grog shop, was surrounded and filled on the sabbath by a most disorderly rabble—drinking, swearing, and fighting. The police officers, known by a red badge, passed and repassed, rarely interfering, because, as just mentioned, it is the privilege of negroes to drink and brawl one day in seven. In the course of a Sunday afternoon I witnessed from my window three pugnacon contests, one of which will serve as a sample. Two negro women were seated in the market place, one selling soap, the other oranges; a dispute arose between them, which the bystanders, according to custom, fomented by all possible means, until the vociferation was loud enough to deafen a ballad singer. After the uproar had lasted an hour the scene changed; for the soap woman, seizing a quart bowl, threw it with great violence at her opponent, who, however, luckily dodged it, and the missile was demolished against an adjoining wall. The seller of fruits immediately took an orange from her basket, and sent it with amazing precision at her adversary's head, for it struck audibly upon her cheek. Both now uttered a shriek, rushed furiously together, and twisted their fingers into each other's hair, leaving the thumbs free for operations on the eyes and forehead. They remained clenched in this manner, like two furies, for nearly half an hour—pulling hair, butting, and scratching—when, lo! a policeman happened to turn the corner, and gave each a smart blow with a rattan upon their naked shoulders. It acted like a charm; the combatants instantly unhooked and fled with all speed in opposite directions, nor did they look back as far as the eye could follow them.

This, though a corporeal lesson to two of the crowd, had no moral effect upon the mass that remained behind; for the policeman's back was no sooner turned than these barbarian orgies were repeated as before.

Slavery has some warm advocates in St Thomas, because the town derives considerable advantage from the traffic. Being a free port for all nations, vessels are here fitted for sea without inspection or inquiry, and sail in open day with all the apparatus for this infernal trade without a moment's detention or difficulty of any kind. I saw an armed brig, which every one knew to be a slave, leave the harbor unmolested, at the very time that three vessels of war of three christian nations were moored there, and all these nations professedly inimical to the slave trade! But the Englishman tells you that he cannot seize a vessel unless she has slaves on board; the American says he is in search of pirates, not of slaves; and the Dane appears to consider it none of his business. So, between the three, the slave ship leaves the port in safety,



and takes in a cargo on the coast of Africa. But now the security ceases, for the British government offers ten pounds sterling per head for every captured slave; and the activity of the English officers, excited by so large a reward, is incessant, and probably more than two thirds of the slavers are taken before they can reach a port in Cuba. I was assured, however, that the slave merchants considered their business a good one if one vessel in three arrived in safety.

**TRIFLES CONSTITUTE PERFECTIONS.**—A friend called on Michael Angelo, who was finishing a statue; sometime afterwards he called again; the sculptor was still at his work. The friend looking at the figure, exclaimed, you have been idle since I saw you last! By no means, replied the sculptor, I have retouched this part, and polished that: I have softened this feature, and brought out this muscle; I have given more expression to this lip, and more energy to this limb. Well, well, said his friend, but all these are trifles. It may be so, replied Angelo, but recollect that trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle.

Philosophers assert, that nature is unlimited in her operations; that she has inexhaustible treasures in reserve; that knowledge will always be progressive; and that all future generations will continue to make discoveries, of which we have not the least idea.

A lady issued cards on which were the initials R. S. V. P., which proved quite a puzzle. One gentleman said it meant Roast Sausages and Veal Pie. A wag observed it was Rain or Shine Vont Postpone. It was to say, "Respondz, S'il Vous Plait;" in other words, "The favor of an answer is requested."

### General Intelligence.

**COMPLIMENT TO AMERICAN SHIP BUILDERS.**—The London Courier, says the N. Y. Commercial, expresses great chagrin at the superiority of the American over the British packet ships. Alluding to the loss of the Thai, foundered at sea, that print remarks:—"We have no recollection of a single American private packet ship, out of the number which pass continually between New York and Liverpool, having foundered at sea; and here we have a list of eight of his Majesty's packets having foundered within 12 years. A ship may be run ashore and wrecked from bad management; she may be struck by lightning, by the visitation of providence; but, to sink bodily at sea in deep water, when, like a packet, she is continually returning to port, and, therefore, ought always to be in a good state of repair, indicates a fault in the construction. Such a matter is a reproach to our skill, as well as our humanity; and we say, rather than such vessels should be still employed, it would be better, if we can not build safe vessels ourselves, to buy a score or two of the New York packets. Sir James Graham and Captain Elliot might be, in our opinion, much more advantageously employed in putting an end to this scandal to our naval reputation, than in devising plans to uphold a system of forcible service under the name of registration."

**EMIGRANTS.**—During the past seventeen years there have arrived at the port of Quebec, 69,175 passengers from Europe. The greatest number in one year was 18,251, in 1831—the least number was 90, in 1824. The number arrived the present season to the 3d of June, was, from England, 2,234; Ireland, 6,595; Scotland, 1543; lower ports, 19—total, 10,346. Same period last year, 3,175.—N. Y. Commercial.

**LARGE OX.**—On the last day of May, says the same print, there was exposed for sale at Quebec, one of the finest oxen ever seen in Canada. The nett weight of the carcass, when opened and stripped of the hide, was 1544lbs.; the tallow weighing 193lbs. and the hide 163lbs.; gross weight when alive, 2324lbs. This fine animal was seven years old, and was raised by K. Chandler, esq., of Nicolet, near Quebec.

**WATER SPOUT.**—A violent storm of wind and rain, says the N. Y. Cour. & Enq., visited Charleston on the 30th ult., in the afternoon, and continued until the next morning, when an unusually large water spout made its appearance in the bay, near Fort Johnson, and passed up Cooper river. The appearance is said to have been very magnificent,

and though it did not come in actual contact with any of the shipping, it caused a ship in the stream near which it passed to heel considerably. The storm during the night was accompanied by the appearance of fireballs and other electrical phenomena.

**A MAN OF FEELING.**—"The following anecdote," says the Philadelphia United States Gazette, "related to us by a man who spoke of what he saw, will remind our readers of a similar incident in some of Franklin's memoirs."

On Sunday last, two western gentlemen went to hear the Rev. Mr Hughes preach in behalf of the expatriated Poles. After obtaining a seat and listening to the vespers, one of the gentlemen recollected that there was to be a collection made; he accordingly instituted an inquiry into the state of his finances; he had plenty of money, but unfortunately it was badly assorted—a five dollar note and half a dollar, and even the latter was thought to be too much—he hequired of his friend what change he had. The friend had two fi'penny bits, and the gentleman borrowed one for the contribution plate. Shortly after the clergyman had commenced his discourse, the gentleman found that a fi'penny bit was not the kind of contribution which was expected, and he wished for a quarter. The sermon was continued, and the merits of the Poles as a nation, and the services that some of them had rendered our country, were brought up. The gentleman slipped the fi'penny bit into his pocket. Another period excited new feelings; "the whole of the gallant race had been stripped of all; their homes given to others; the best and the fairest of their nation cut off, and others denied even the privileges of a grave in their native land. The gentleman pulled out the half dollar; so much at least was due to such men; and he awaited eagerly the approach of the contribution plate. The speaker proceeded to show that much was due from us who boasted much of our liberties, to those who had jeopardized all and lost all in the cause we love, who reared at home the standard of freedom, and sent a Kosciusko and a Pulaski to defend it on our soil. The gentleman saw that it would ill become an American to stand on trifles in such a case; he returned the fifty cents to his pocket, and drew out his five dollar note, and carefully rolled it up to avoid the appearance of ostentation. The clergyman proceeded; "we are not," said he, "to measure out our charities on this occasion, by ordinary sympathies, our pride is a Washington and a Jefferson, the asserter, and defender of our independence; but providence might have reversed the state of affairs, and Washington and Jefferson might have been defeated, their cause ruined, and they compelled to take refuge in a foreign land, perhaps in Poland; then what would Poland have done for them and their followers. Just what you would have had her do to them, and you to her sons, driven back by tyranny from a land where they vainly asserted their independence." The gentleman grasped the five dollar note; and turning to his companion, he whispered, while a tear glistened in his eye, "here is your fi'penny again; put that into the plate with the other, and take my fifty cents to go with them: I'll make my five dollars answer my purpose."

We can well believe says the N. Y. Commercial, to which we are indebted for the above paragraph, in the reality of the story, notwithstanding the strong resemblance of the case of Franklin already referred to, (who on that occasion, was listening, if we remember right to a charitable appeal from the eloquent Whitfield,) from the circumstance that we distinctly recollect a similar occurrence some years back in Hudson. One of the most gifted orators, whose eloquence has adorned the bar of this state, and thrilled the bosom of listening thousands; whose wit has sparkled with the diamond's brilliancy in the Legislative Hall, and in the social circle; and whose benevolence was as expansive as it was bountiful; was listening to a Charity Sermon of the late Dr Chester, then of Hudson, but soon afterwards of Albany. The pulpits of our country have produced few more eloquent men than Dr C. His head was clear, his tongue persuasive, and his heart beat responsively at every touch of sympathy. When his feeling was excited by the wail of distress they were communicated to his audience with electric power. The contagious sympathy pervaded every bosom; and the eminent counsellor alluded to, on an occasion that we well

remember, was by no means the least affected of the audience. He was at that period of his life fond of the game of whist; and carried in his pocket, as counters, five half eagles. At first his intention was to cast a small bank note into the plate; but as with increasing pathos and power the preacher poured forth the gushings of his heart, he successively drew his favorite gold pieces singly from his pocket, until the plate came round, when unconsciously as it were, he cast them all to the contribution. But the eloquent lips of both the Minister and Contributor, are now hushed in the silence of the grave!

**RAIL ROAD ACCIDENT.**—This morning, says the Philadelphia Gazette of the 13th inst. a fearful accident happened on the inclined plane of the Columbia Rail Road, on the west side of the Schuylkill river. Several burthen cars, laden with iron, were passing up the plane, followed by a number of passenger cars, while other cars were at the bottom of the plane in waiting. The rope employed for raising the cars being insufficient to sustain the immense weight, broke, and precipitated the whole train upon those remaining below. The velocity of their descent, occasioned an awful concussion; the passengers were thrown out in every direction, and many were horribly mutilated and bruised. The extent of the accident was not known when our informant left the spot, but three or four persons, dreadfully wounded, had been borne off to the hospital.

**RAIL ROADS.**—The road from London to Greenwich, is advancing rapidly to its completion, and active measures are taking to carry it on to Dover. Should the French complete their rail road from Calais to Paris, the capitals of France and England will be within a day's ride of each other. The distance from Liverpool to London, by the Grand Junction and Birmingham rail way, will be 210 miles, and the distance will be accomplished in ten hours. From London to Dover, over the Greenwich viaduct, will be seventy-two miles, and be performed in four hours. The steam vessels perform the twenty-one miles from Dover to Calais in two hours; and as the 180 miles from Calais to Paris will be performed in eight hours by the intended rail way, the traveler will be conveyed from London to Liverpool, via Birmingham, in ten hours; from London to Paris (483 miles) in twenty-four hours!

**STEAMBOAT ACCIDENT.**—The Louisville Advertiser mentions that the Steamboat Ceres on her passage up the Ohio met with a serious disaster on the 31st ult. about 40 miles above that city. She was run into by the Emigrant, which struck her on the larboard side in the rear of the wheel house, carrying away her guards and the whole of that side of her main cabin. Mr Stone, a cabin passenger, was dragged overboard and considerably injured, but was saved.

**NAVAL COURT-MARTIAL.**—Lieut. Samuel W. Downing, late commander of the U. S. schr Enterprise, was tried lately by a Court Martial assembled on board the U. S. frigate Java at Norfolk, of which Commodore Warrington was president, on charges preferred against him by Mr Zantinger, purser of the Enterprise, and honorably acquitted of all the charges. Purser Zantinger was also tried by the same court on charges preferred by Lieutenant Downing, and sentenced to suspension, without pay or emoluments, for one year. Both judgments have been approved by the President of the United States.

**CHESAPEAKE AND DELAWARE CANAL.**—This great work is now in good order, and during the week ending Friday the 6th inst. 61 vessels passed through it from the Chesapeake, and 32 from the Delaware.

**A SMALL PAIR.**—Mr and Mrs Booth, who style themselves American Dwarfs, are exhibiting in Quebec. The husband is 3 feet 4 inches high, and the wife 2 feet 6 inches—making together 5 feet 10 inches—about the ordinary height of a man.

Congress have determined that neither Mr Letcher nor Mr Moore are entitled to a seat, consequently there will be a new election.

A new election has been ordered in Virginia, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of speaker Stevenson.

**FIRE.**—The dwelling house of Bradford King, esq., on the Ridge Road, six miles west of Rochester, was entirely consumed by fire on Monday week, together with its contents. Mr King and family were absent at the time, and had left the house in charge with the domestics. It being somewhat cold, a large fire had been made in the stove, which soon communicated to the roof, and strange as it may seem, the fire had so far advanced that the roof actually fell in before those in the house were aware of their perilous situation. Four loads of furniture had been put into the house a few days previous by a person who had rented the farm. But few articles were saved. Loss supposed to be about \$2,000.

**DR SPURZHEIM.**—The personal effects of the Doctor were disposed of in Boston last week. They consisted of several small books, and miscellaneous articles, and went off at high prices, as many were anxious to obtain something, by which to remember that great Philosopher and Philanthropist. A handsome Opera Glass sold for \$6.25, a common Gold Pencil Case for \$8—and a little box containing a small quantity of thread and tape, an empty phial, &c being put up at about its intrinsic value, six cents—was finally knocked off for \$1.50!

**SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION.**—In delivering a quantity of rags from the cellar of the store 24 Broad street, New York, it was discovered that the mass was on fire. The rags were chiefly cotton, and oil had been spilt upon them. But for the timely discovery, the store, which is large and full of goods, would probably have been consumed.

**INDIA RUBBER TABLE COVERS.**—Mr Samuel D. Breed, 18, North Seventh street, has commenced the manufacture of covers for tables and stands from India rubber and produces a very neat and lasting article. They have all the merits of oil cloth coverings with many important advantages, besides their durability. The material is elastic, but of a firm and impenetrable texture, is not susceptible of stains, and may be cleansed with facility. They are beautifully ornamented.—U. S. Gaz.

**ITEMS OF NEWS.**—It will be recollected, says the N. Y. Commercial, that some months ago, the store of a man named Meyer Christaller, a Pole, residing at 322 1-2 Broadway was burnt, whereby two young men were wrapt in the flames, while lying asleep; they leaped from the window, and were taken to the Hospital, where one of them expired. A complaint having been made against Christaller and another person named Lindow, for causing the fire to be purposely set, to recover the amount insured on the property, both have been arrested and committed to prison. The young man, who escaped with his life, but who carries the dreadful effects of the burning on his face, is Christaller's own son!

Mr Willard, keeper of a tavern in Montreal, was robbed a short time since of six thousand dollars in gold and silver, taken from the iron chest in his own house, St Francis Xavier's street. He has since, however, recovered about two thousand dollars of the money. Two young men have been committed to prison upon the suspicion of having committed the act.

Sylvester W. Sheldon, Postmaster, at Londonderry, Vt., was arrested on the 1st inst., charged with having broken open and rifled several letters, containing considerable money, which passed through his office. In a short time after his arrest, he broke from his keepers, and fled to the woods. A reward of \$100 has been offered for his apprehension.

On Friday, while sitting at a dinner table, at his residence in the City Hotel, Charles Baldwin, esq., an eminent member of the bar, and most estimable citizen, was instantly arrested in his earthly career by the hand of death, at the age of sixty-two years. When reaching his hand to receive a plate he fell back lifeless in the twinkling of an eye. On the following morning the members of the bar met at the City Hall to make arrangements for rendering proper testimonials of respect to his memory.

The Hamburg Correspondent gives a letter from Copenhagen dated the 26th ult. announcing that the King of Denmark had issued an ordinance declaring that there shall be the most perfect equality between all the free subjects in the Danish Colonies, so that all distinction between the whites and the people of color are forever abolished. By the same ordinance all the men of color are henceforth to become free on producing proof that they have maintained an irreproachable conduct for three successive years, and are to enjoy the same civil and political rights as the white population. This last provision is applicable to men of color not natives of the colonies.



# LITERARY INQUIRER, AND Repository of Literature & General Intelligence.

BUFFALO, JUNE 18, 1834.

**FOURTH OF JULY.**—This morning, just as we were preparing for press, we received a copy of the proceedings of a meeting of the citizens of the town of Hamburg, held at Abbott's Corners on the 16th instant, "to take into consideration the expediency of celebrating the ensuing anniversary of our national independence." At this meeting, of which Jos. Dorr was appointed chairman and T. P. Powers secretary, suitable resolutions were passed and a committee chosen to carry them into effect. Among the resolutions was one "cordially inviting the attendance and co-operation of the citizens of the neighboring towns." Should we learn the name of the gentleman proposed by the committee to pronounce the Oration, we will publish it in our next number, together with any other particulars of which we may be advised.

**MECHANICS' MEETING.**—We perceive by a notice in the Patriot, that an adjourned meeting of the Mechanics of Buffalo, will be held at the Farmers' Hotel, on Friday next, at eight o'clock in the evening, to resume the consideration of the State Prison monopoly. A general and punctual attendance is requested.

**LITERARY NOTICES.**—We have received several of the monthly magazines for June, but have neither time nor space to give any of them a lengthened notice. The Knickerbocker has furnished our columns with "A Peep at Washington," of which article we can cordially affirm, in the language of a contemporary, that "its graphic descriptions, and its eloquent love of country, are attributes which need no designation or praise."

We are indebted to the politeness of Mr J. C. Meeks, of the Kremlin Buildings, in this city, for a copy of a very valuable Catechism of Scripture History and Biblical Literature, illustrated with copperplate and wood engravings. We shall hereafter recur again to this excellent work, which appears eminently adapted to instruct and edify the biblical student. It is published in Philadelphia, by Alexander Towar, and is for sale by Mr J. C. Meeks, at the American Sunday School Union Depository, No. 6 Kremlin Buildings, Main street, Buffalo.

The celebrated Dr Drake, of the city of Cincinnati, is engaged in preparing a text, or class book of Anatomy and Physiology. We learn that this elementary treatise is intended to meet the wants of the general scholar, of clergymen, jurists, painters, and teachers. From the plan and specimen of the work, given in the Cincinnati Chronicle, and the eminent competency of the author for this undertaking, a volume of great interest and utility is anticipated.

We learn that the June number of the American Annals of Education has appeared, and contains among the usual variety of valuable information, further remarks on Fellenberg Schools, and the Journal of the American Lyceum at its late fourth annual meeting in the city of New York.

**SUMMARY.**—At a meeting of the Directors of the Bank of Buffalo, last week, Hiram Pratt, esq. was elected President, in the place of G. H. Goodrich, esq. resigned, and Jno. R. Lee, esq. Cashier, in the place of Mr Pratt.

The dedication of the new Methodist Church in this city took place on Thursday last, when impressive and appropriate discourses were delivered and other suitable exercises performed.

We learn from the Emancipator, that at a public meeting, held in New York, during the examination of a Mr Brown, recently from Liberia, the Rev. John Dunbar, pastor of the Baptist church near Vandam street, in that city, rose and "declared to the audience that he had hitherto supported colonization, but could do so no longer." From the same paper we learn the anti-slavery cause is rapidly advancing.

A "Supplement to the Evangelist" contains the official report of Mr Brown's Examination, referred to in the preceding paragraph, which took place at the Chatham street Chapel, New

York, on the 9th and 10th ultimo. It is a paper which should be extensively circulated and carefully perused. The object of the examination "was to elicit truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." And, as it has been well observed, "Truth is great, and it will prevail."

A lady at St Antoine, U. C., got up in her sleep a short time since, made her way out of the house, and walked into a pond and was drowned.

There are 41 letters in the Russian language, and not less than 214 in the Chinese. The Italian has only 20, and the Latin and Hebrew 22 each. The Sanscrit has 50, the Turkish 33, and the Persian 32.

The anniversary of the death of Beethoven was celebrated at Marseilles, by a grand musical festival.

Some of the brokers in New York continue to sell lottery tickets in defiance of the law.

Col. Richard J. Manning is elected to Congress from the district in South Carolina lately represented by Gen. James Blair, deceased.

**MARRIED.**—In Dayton, Ohio, on the 19th inst. by the Rev. Mr Allen, Mr Richard Sears, of this city, to Miss Sophia, daughter of David Stone, esq. of the former place.

In New York, on the 12th inst. by the Rev. Mr Woodbridge, Mr Alonzo Raynor, merchant, of this city, to Miss Sarah, daughter of Samuel Rathbone, of the former place.

## Advertisements.

**NOTICE.**—The firm of HAYES & BRISTOL, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. All debts, due to the firm, and all demands against it, will be settled by C. C. BRISTOL, who will continue the business at the old stand, 207, Main-street.

GEO. E. HAYES.

CYRENIUS C. BRISTOL.

**TO Sunday School Teachers and Parents.**—As many persons have occasion to select Sunday School Libraries, or make purchases of books for children in their own or other families, we would call their attention to the excellent, cheap, and very popular works of the American Sunday School Union. They can furnish a library for a school which will contain 25 volumes, amounting to 25,363 pages, bound in fancy colored leather backs and covers, with marble covers. These volumes contain 1500 steel, copperplate, and wood engravings and maps, illustrating the various subjects of which the books treat. The price of the complete set is \$41.

Besides this library, the Union have published 103 smaller books in paper covers, containing 2036 pages, with a large number of wood cuts. A complete set of these costs \$1.40. If bound, they would make about ten or twelve volumes of uniform size.

In the above are included several volumes, which, on account of size, &c. are not placed in the regular series; such as the Bible Dictionary, Geography, Psalms, Hymn Books, Biographical Dictionary, Union Questions, &c.

Nearly the whole of the books have been printed from stereotype plates, on good paper; many of them were written expressly for the Union, and all have been examined and approved by the committee of publication, composed of an equal number of the Baptist, Presbyterian, Methodist, and Episcopal churches. For the sum of \$43.46, the above 337 works can be procured by any Sunday School, and Sunday School Society, which will send a copy of its constitution, a list of officers, and an annual report to the American Sunday School Union, and thus become an auxiliary. They can be procured on the same terms by an individual who is a member of the Society, purchasing for his own use or for gratuitous distribution. The terms for membership are for life \$30, or \$3 annually, in which case they also receive gratuitously a copy of the Sunday School Journal.

In view of these facts, we may inquire how many thousands of parents might place in their dwellings such a library; embracing matter adapted to all ages, from the youngest child that can read, to the parents and domestics of the household! How many thousands of little companies of youth might join and purchase a complete library for their amusement and instruction! How many thousands of sets should be required by Sunday schools, by common schools, by public schools, by apprentices' libraries, by men of property, for gratuitous distribution, by ministers and pious visitors of the poor and the rich, for the comfort and benefit of the families and individuals they go amongst!

Orders, with particular directions as to the mode of conveying the books, will meet with prompt attention, if addressed to FRANKLIN W. PORTER, Corresponding Secretary, American Sunday School Union, No. 146 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

**THE PEARL and Literary Gazette**, devoted to original and selected tales, legends, essays, traveling, literary and historical sketches, biography, poetry, &c., is published simultaneously in the cities of Boston and Hartford.

**Terms.**—Two dollars per annum, one dollar for six months, payable in advance. Postmasters, agents and clubs will receive six copies for a year by sending ten dollars, or six copies for six months for five dollars.

All letters of business, remittances and communications must be directed to the Pearl, Hartford, Conn., or to the editor. Postage in all cases must be paid.

**THE LITERARY JOURNAL** is published every Saturday, at No. 9, Market Square, Providence, R. I. Terms, two dollars and fifty cents per annum, if paid in advance, or three dollars at the end of the year. Every person obtaining six subscribers, and being responsible for the same, will receive a seventh copy gratis. All letters and communications on business, are to be directed, post paid, to

J. KNOWLES &amp; CO.,

Publishers and Proprietors.

**THE LADY'S BOOK.**—Each number of this periodical contains sixty pages of extra royal octavo letter press, printed with clear, new, and beautiful type, on paper of the finest texture and whitest color. It is embellished with splendid engravings on copper and steel, executed by artists of the highest skill and attention, and embracing every variety of subject.

The terms of the Lady's Book are three dollars per annum, payable in advance. Published by L. A. Goddard & Co. Athenian Buildings, Franklin Place, Philadelphia.

**WATCHES AND JEWELRY, Silver and Plated Ware.**—The subscriber has this day received a very rich and extensive assortment of the above goods, which he offers at wholesale or retail, on the most favorable terms. Particular attention paid to repairing. R. M. LONG.

May 7, 1834.

**THE** subscriber respectfully informs the citizens of Buffalo, that he has established himself as a House Carpenter, in Main street, eleven doors below the Mansion House, where all orders in that line will be attended to with punctuality and despatch. E. HOLLINSHEAD.

May 14, 1834.

**DOCTOR T. P. WHIPPLE,**  
At Foster's Hotel,  
BLACK ROCK, N. Y.

**PIDDINGTON & HUMPHRY,** Merchant Tailors, No. 8 Ellicott square, gratefully acknowledge the liberal support they have received from their friends and the public, and respectfully solicit a continuance of their favors. Orders executed at the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms.

**SUNDAY SCHOOL BOOKS.**—These publications consist of Scripture Biography, Sacred Geography, Lives of Martyrs, Juvenile Biography, Sacred History, Missionary Biography, Lives of Pious Men, Helps for Teachers, Books, Cards, &c., for infant Schools, and Picture Books for small children, ornamented with numerous wood cuts and engravings. Published by the American S. S. Union, and for sale by J. C. MECKS, 104f No. 6, Kremlin Buildings, Buffalo.

**CUTLER'S CABINET & CHAIR WAREHOUSE,** No. 5 Ellicott square, Main st.—The above rooms are now filled with an assortment of furniture not surpassed in any place as to durability and fashion. The following can be furnished at all times:—French, Ottoman and Grecian Sofas; Couches; Chaises, Lounges, pier, loo, centre, card, dressing, dining, tea, work, drawing, writing and sideboard Tables; dressing and drawingroom Commodities; dressing Bureaus and Glasses; library, book and paper Cases; Music Stands and Stools; Foot Stools; basin and washstand Stands; French, high-post, tent, field, dome, fancy and low-post Beds; mahogany and black walnut French-Chairs; Boston Rocking Chairs, splendid article; fancy and Windsor Chairs of every description; Settees, and Settee Cradles; Writing Stools; cane Chair Seats, of every description; mahogany Plank, Boards and Veneers; black walnut Veneers; cherry and walnut Boards; Copal Varnish; Hatters' Blocks, for finishing and coloring. Turning done to order on short notice. Bed posts and table legs on hand at all times. A liberal discount made to those who purchase chairs to sell again. A. CUTLER.

Buffalo, March 12.

**BUFFALO BOOK REPOSITORY,** No. 214 Main st.—Oliver G. Steele is now receiving and offers for sale, at the above well known stand, the largest and best assortment of school books that has ever been offered in this section of the country, which he will sell for cash, lower than they can be obtained at any other bookstore in the city. His stock of Classical Books are of the best and most approved editions that are to be obtained in the United States, being such as are used at the highest colleges and academies in New England and New York. His stock of Miscellaneous Books is very large, comprising the best editions of the standard works on history, biography, theology, medicine, and law, with a general assortment of the best novels and romances. His stock of family Bibles is extensive beyond anything ever before offered in this city, with pocket Bibles and Testaments in abundance, of all sizes and prices.

School Books being the leading branch of his business, he will always be supplied with every thing wanted in schools and academies, which will be sold at wholesale or retail, on such terms as will make it for the interest of every purchaser to buy of him. Every person, therefore, who wishes to turn cash into books to the best advantage must be sure to call at Steele's Bookstore, where they can be furnished on better terms than they can be obtained at any other store in the city.

**A. WILGUS,** No. 203 Main street, has just received Clark's Commentary, in 2 vols. Parochial Lectures on the Law and the Gospel, by S. H. Tying, D. D. Secured of our Parish, by a country Parson's daughter; the Influence of the Bible, in improving the understanding and moral character, by J. Matthews, D. D. The Church of God, in a series of dissertations, by the Rev. H. W. Evans; the Mother at home, or the principle of maternal duty, familiarly illustrated by J. S. C. Abbott; Manly Piety, in its principles, by R. Phillips, of Moberly Chapel; Religious Souvenir, by S. T. Bissell, D. D. The Churchman's Almanac; Common Prayer, fine and common; Methodist Harmonist, new edition, revised and greatly enlarged. A large assortment of pocket Bibles, Testaments, and Prayer Books.

Buffalo, Jan. 20, 1834.

**JUST RECEIVED** at the Buffalo Book Store, 203 Main street; Albums, an elegant article; Purchasing fine; Drawing Paper of all sizes and qualities; Porter's Analysis; Adams' Grammar; Bridgewater Treatises; Mechanism of the Hand, by Sir Charles Bell; Physical condition of Men, by John Kidd; Astronomy and general Physics, by the Rev. W. Whewell.

A. W. WILGUS.

Buffalo, Jan. 20, 1834.

**BUFFALO BOOK STORE,** No. 203 Main street, January 20, 1834. A. W. Wilgus has just received a fresh supply of Books and Stationery, among which are the Education Annual, by J. Breckenridge A. M. Italy, a poem by Samuel Rogers. The Harper's Head, a legend of Kentucky, by S. Hall, Wadsworth; by L. R. Ritchie. The Down Easter, &c. &c. 12 vols. by J. Neal. Richelieu, a tale of France, in 2 vols. The Book of Commerce, by sea and land, designed for schools. The Aristocrat, an American tale, in 2 vols. Tom Cringle's Log, 24 Series, in 2 vols. Lights and Shadows of German Life, in 2 vols. Dutches of Berri, in La Venecie, comprising a narrative of her adventures, &c. by Gen. Demoucourt. Kinwick's Treatise on Steam Engine. Allen's Mechanic.

**DISOLUTION.**—The partnership heretofore existing between the subscribers, in the Painting business, under the firm of Wilgus & Barton, is this day dissolved by mutual consent.

The unsettled affairs of the late firm will be closed by D. Barton, and the business of Painting, Glazing, &c., in all its various branches, will be continued by N. Wilgus, at the old stand, No. 213 Main street.

NATHANIEL WILGUS.

DARIUS BURTON.

Buffalo, April 1, 1834.

**BOOK AND FANCY JOB PRINTING** neatly and expeditiously executed, by William Ferrinder, at the office of the Literary Inquirer, 177 Main st. Buffalo. The support of his friends and the public is respectfully solicited.

A FEW complete sets of the First Volume of the Literary Inquirer, may be obtained, price \$15 each, at the office of publication.

**THE NORTH AMERICAN MAGAZINE;** Sumner L. Fairfield, editor.—This magazine is devoted particularly to American literature, but will also contain brief reviews of foreign works and extracts of merit. Tales, sketches of scenery and manners, biographical and critical notices, poetry, an ana, or table talk, the fine arts, and record of occurrences, with reviews of full new works, constitute a portion of the entertainment which is presented in this periodical. All litigated questions, either of politics, religion, or the learned professions, are carefully avoided; and all merely personal rivalry or animosity excluded from the pages of this magazine.

The magazine is published in Philadelphia during the first week of every month. Each number contains sixty four royal octavo pages, well printed on superior paper, and stitched in covers.

The price is five dollars per annum, payable in advance.

**WALDE'S Select Circulating LIBRARY,** issued every week, each number containing as much as a common sized volume of 250 pages; price \$3 a year, or five copies for \$20, sent to one address.

**Economy.**—Of the books published by us in the two first volumes of the "Select Circulating Library," the following have also been issued by booksellers in 23 volumes, in the cheapest form, viz:—Lives of Banditti and Robbers; Life of Dr Burney; The Subaltern's Furlough; The Gentle Recruitant; Saratoga; Picket's traditional Stories; Wahbani's Rebellion in Scotland; The Italian Exile in England; Wacoona; Journal of a Nobleman; The Duchess of St. Louis; Elliot's Letters; Baron D'Hausser's Great Britain; Madden's Infringements; Rambles of a Naturalist, and Capt. Hall's Fragments. The booksellers' charge for these, twelve dollars and seventy-five cents!

We have supplied these, word for word, to our subscribers for four and five dollars, in addition to the following entire works, various miscellaneous reading, and the Journal of Belles Lettres gratis, viz: Lafayette and Louis Philippe; Batty's tour in Holland; Letters from the Earl of Chatham; Mrs Lushington's Journal; Life of Dr Leyden; Shipwreck of the Medusa; The Earthquake of Caracas; Massaniello, &c. &c. &c., altogether worth at booksellers' reduced prices at least twenty-five dollars!—This surely is economy.

**THE WESTERN MONTHLY MAGAZINE,** conducted by James Hall and devoted to literature and science, is published during the first week of every month. Terms, three dollars and fifty cents, payable in six months, or three dollars, in advance. A payment made between the 1st of January and the 1st of July, in any year, will be considered in advance for that year; and in all cases where payment shall be delayed until after the 1st of July, the additional fifty cents will be charged. No subscription will be received for less than a year, or discontinued until the close of a year; but subscribers may commence their year with any month they please. No subscriber will be considered as having the right to discontinue his subscription, unless he shall have paid up all arrears, and given notice before the expiration of the year. Published by COREY & FAIRBANK, Cincinnati Ohio.

**THE PARTHENON** is published at Union College in monthly numbers, each containing at least 64 pages of original matter, during the time college is in session. The price of subscription is \$2.50 per annum, when paid in advance, and \$3.00 on delivery of the June number. No subscription taken for less than one year. Any person obtaining five subscribers and becoming responsible for the same, shall receive a volume gratis, and agents shall receive the customary commission. All communications must be addressed, postage paid, to the Editor of the Parthenon, Schenectady, N. Y. The Parthenon will be forwarded to our agents in New York by the steam boats, where they can be obtained by subscribers free of postage; and by our New Orleans subscribers, by the earliest packet.

**THE CINCINNATI MIRROR** is published every Saturday morning, on a super royal sheet, in the quarto form, convenient for being bound. The paper for a year will make a handsome volume of 419 large pages, including the titlepage and index, which will be furnished with the last number of the volume. Advertisements are excluded. The subscription price is two dollars and fifty cents per year, payable in advance; three dollars payable, any time within six months after the time of subscribing. When the above terms are not complied with, and the publishers have to employ a collector, three dollars and fifty cents will be invariably demanded.

SHREVE &amp; GALLAGHER, Cincinnati, Ohio.

**GRANVILLE INSTITUTION.**—Preparatory Department. In this attention is given to the elementary and common branches of English, and to Greek and Latin by those who wish to be fitted for college. This department comprises one designed especially for boys of tender age. Such are entrusted to the care and supervision of a teacher and guardian, who is devoted exclusively to their interests, spending his time with them, day and night, with paternal solicitude and affection.

**English Department.** In this can be obtained either the whole or any portion of the mathematical and English part of a collegiate education. It also affords facilities for acquiring the qualifications suitable for the business of teaching.

**Collegiate Department.** The course of instruction is intended to be worthy of its name. The requisites for membership in the freshmen class are similar to those adopted by the best colleges. Much greater regard, however, is had to the quality, than to the quantity, of the preparation. The freshmen class has completed half its year. It is accessible, at all times, by persons duly qualified to take its advanced standing. The higher classes will be successively organized on the annual promotion of this from an inferior to a superior grade. Commencement is on the second Wednesday in August.

**Manual Labor Department.** This is considered as including all the resident students, who are required to be daily occupied more or less in some kind of work. A cooperation has been fitted up, which affords ample employment to the freshmen class and to several other individuals; and measures are concerted for more extensive accommodations in this business. Carpenters, joiners and farmers will find employment in their respective callings.

**Expenses for a term of twenty-one weeks.** Tuition, \$5.00; board, washing, room, furniture and fuel, \$27.00; accommodations for studying in private rooms, to one not a boarder, \$3.00; incidentals to one not a boarder, studying in the preparatory room, \$8.75; whole expense for tuition, board, washing, room, furniture and fuel, \$35.00 a term, or \$70.00 a year, exclusive of vacations. Those who board at the institution in time of vacation, will be charged at the same rate as in term time, with the exception of tuition. No deduction for absence will be made on the tuition of students in the collegiate department. Any student entering or leaving the school during the progress of a half term, will be charged the whole amount of tuition for such half term. No deduction for absence will be made on the board of any student, provided he be not absent more than a week at any one time, nor even then without a satisfactory reason for such absence. The payment of all bills is required in advance.

The next term will commence on Thursday, the 30th of March. JOHN PRATT, President.

Granville, Jackson County,

Ohio, February, 1834.



## Poetry.

From the *Outside Democrat*.

## STANZAS.—FOR A LADY'S ALBUM.

Pure as these leaves  
Thy heart may be,  
When fancy weaves  
Its wreath for thee;  
When the harp is hung,  
With laurel bound—  
Where poetry hath sung  
Her smiles around.

In passion's hour  
'Twill be a charm,  
With magic pow'r  
To shield from harm  
Thy fragile form.  
When friends have flown,  
To breast the storm  
Of earth alone.

The silver tone  
Of genius bland,  
Whose seeds are sown  
From friendship's hand—  
With tuneful tongue  
Will wake those lays,  
That once were sung  
O'er other days.

Then who shall know  
The thoughts that roll—  
That ebb and flow  
Within thy soul—  
When sighs and tears  
With care and pain,  
Of other years  
With thee remain.

"When hopes that burn,"  
"And thoughts that breathe,"  
Around the Urn  
Of memory, leave  
Their kindred lays,  
To friendship dear,  
That speaks thy praise  
So humbly here.

R. B.

## Transcript of News.

**EXTRAORDINARY OCCURRENCE.**—The fertile genius of the author of *Tom Cringle's Log* could hardly suggest a more singular combination of circumstances than are contained in the narration of a West India paper, now before us, of the 14th of May. The editor asserts that the papers alluded to in the narrative are in his possession, and that he has the authority of the officer himself, (Lieut. Bagot,) for their genuineness; they have been taken from the bowels of the "monarch of the deep."

"His Majesty's schooner Pickle, Lieutenant Bagot, during her last cruise off the Isle of Pines, for the purpose of capturing vessels engaged in the Slave Trade, and whilst lying in the sight of Cape Francis, observed a large schooner under sail inside the Julian Keys. The Pickle immediately weighed anchor, made all sail in chase, and from advantage in sailing, very soon convinced the stranger that any attempt to escape would be absolutely fruitless. The stranger accordingly anchored, thereby giving the Pickle an opportunity of better distinguishing her. She was perceived to carry the Royal Flag of Spain, without a pendant. This, together with her broadside view and the number of men who crowded her decks, exactly corresponded with the description of the vessel, the commander of the Pickle had previously received of her, and gave hopes of satisfying the stranger with a broadside (the usual courtesy shown by large slavers to small vessels of war.) The Pickle immediately ran under her stern fully prepared to return the usual salutation, and anchored on her quarter within half pistol shot. A boat was then sent to examine the suspicious stranger, when she proved to be the Spanish schooner "Carlotta," carrying two 18 pounders, with a complement of 30 men, from Santa Martha to the Havana.

The vessel having an unusual number of water casks on board, and being also fitted with a slave deck created much suspicion on the part of the Commander of the Pickle, who was not altogether satisfied with the account the Master of the slaver gave of himself, and sent back to bring him on board immediately, together with his paper, logbook, charts, &c. &c. From these documents nothing could be elicited to warrant the detention of a vessel under Spanish colors, and which was to all appearance a vessel of war.

There were however strong suspicions on the mind of the Commander of the Pickle, that she had very recently landed a large cargo of slaves, and which, subsequent circumstances fully justified.

About two o'clock in the middle of the watch on the same night, a fishing line which had been unintentionally left trolling overboard, was observed, by the quarter master of the watch to be swerving about in all directions, and he with assistance hauled it in, when it was found that to the hook was appended a shark about four feet long! On opening it, in the morning, a bundle of papers was discovered in the belly rolled and tied up, (now in our office, and which were sent to us by the commander of the Pickle through our reporter) these on examination were found to be the papers of the "Carlotta," among which are the private signals; they also prove that the Carlotta was a slaver, and had on board a cargo of 293 slaves, which cargo had been landed about four hours before she was discovered by the Pickle. Thus were the hopes of

success singularly disappointed and the truth as singularly discovered!

By the falling of a poplar tree at Boston in front of the Mansion House, corner of Tremont and Beacon streets, Mr Titus Wells, President of the Eagle Bank of that city, was seriously injured.

In quarrying stones at Guernsey, Ohio, the petrified form of a young Indian was discovered. It was found imbedded in a solid mass of rock.

The commissioners on the French treaty have reported that there is due to Americans \$51,830,000, with interest for spoils on their commerce; so that the amount stipulated to be paid by Mr Rives' treaty, is but a small portion of the debt even when paid. An active correspondence we learn is carrying on between the French minister and the Secretary of State.

A woman of low character was lately detected in attempting to set fire to a fine block of buildings at New Orleans.

A ventriloquist named Seaman, is performing at Hudson, who is represented to be deprived of the use of every limb, and a dwarf in size.

**Readers of Newspapers** often find light amusement in what is termed *cross readings*. The following may be called *sign reading*—in the front of two adjoining houses in Boston, we literally read this brief history of a duel. —James Shot—and—Jonathan Fell!

A newspaper has been established at Natchitoches, in Louisiana, by Jacob Luria, called the Red River Chronicle.

At Painsville, Ohio, the daughter of a Mr Peter Thompson, aged 14 years, has already attained the enormous weight of 210 pounds.

The body of a man six feet in height without coat or hat, a cloth vest, satinet pantaloons, white cotton socks and brogans, with a stone of fifty pounds weight tied to his legs was found near the bank of the river five miles below St Stephens, Alabama.

The caterpillars have made their appearance in the cotton fields in the neighborhood of Savannah, and other parts of Georgia, threatening destruction.

A young man of the name of Grayton, belonging to Brooklyn, was drowned on Monday evening, in attempting to leap on board the Fulton Ferry Boat after it had pushed off the wharf.

Accounts were brought to St Helena by the French ship Lydia, of a dreadful hurricane in the Isle of France in the middle of January; the crop was injured, and many vessels wrecked.

A premium of \$1,000 is offered by the American Peace Society, for the best treatise on a Congress of Nations for the Prevention of War.

A man in Worcester has been compelled to give bail in the sum of one hundred dollars, for his appearance before the Court of Common Pleas, to answer to the charge of cruelly beating his oxen.

Mr Forrest is about to erect a monument to the memory of John A. Stone, esq.

A third Baptist Church has just been completed in Richmond, Va.

General McDuffie, of the House of Representatives, has been obliged, by ill health, to abandon his seat, for the present at least, and retire to his native air.

A number of the journeyman hatters of Philadelphia, lately forwarded to President Jackson an elegant drab beaver hat, as an evidence of their good will and esteem.

Accounts have been received direct from Fort Mitchell, Alabama, which confirm the fact that there had been cholera or other sickness among the troops at that fortress.

Beverly G. G. Lucas, esq. Clerk of the Superior Court of Russell county, Alabama, was shot by an Indian, while sitting in front of his house in Macon county, Ala. and expired in about ten minutes afterwards. The Chiefs of the Creek Nation promise that the offender shall be given up to the civil authorities if he can be identified. The Creek Indians show strong symptoms of general hostility to the whites.

The body of Mr J. Foley has been found at the corner of Julia and Levee streets, New Orleans, who had been stabbed to the heart.

Some weeks ago, Mr Grimshaw, an upholsterer in Pearl street, New York, had a quantity of black moss stolen from him, of which he could discover no trace whatever, until Wednesday morning, when some of the thieves brought it back and offered to sell it to him!!

The ladies are speculating in bank stock at a great rate in New York—they have taken 4214 shares in the new Phoenix Bank.

In a store, some time since, a woman stole a pair of hose from one counter, and immediately sold them to the owner at another.

In crossing the Seneca Lake, between Dresden and Baleytown, on the 24th ult. the ferry boat was capsized in the severe gale, and a woman and two small children drowned. A young man was taken from the cabin in a state of insensibility, but was resuscitated. The woman's name was Tereau, and one of the children was hers, and one a son of the ferryman.

A girl only 16 years old, has been sentenced to the State Prison for life, by the Supreme Court, at Wiscasset, Maine, for setting fire to a dwelling house, which was entirely consumed.

A Post Office has been established on Indian Key, Florida. All letters for persons residing on that island, at Cape Florida, Kase Becayno, Key Vacas, on board the light ship Florida, or on board any of the wrecking vessels, except the Pizarro, will reach their destination most readily by being directed to this office. H. H. Watrous, esq. is appointed postmaster.

It is stated in the St Augustine Herald, that the Savannah and Florida Steam Boat Company propose, in connexion with the boat now running between Savannah and St Johns, to carry their operations across the Peninsula and even to New Orleans. It is calculated that by this route and with no other facilities over land than the usual accommodation stages and steamboats on the Atlantic and Gulf, an easy correspondence may be maintained between New York, via Charleston and Savannah, to New Orleans in eight days.

Jacob Franklin was convicted of perjury, at Troy on Friday last. The jury were out all night, and in the morning returned into court with a verdict of *guilty*. A motion to suspend the sentence until the last day of the term, was sustained by the court.

The Boston Municipal Court on Saturday last, sentenced George Harvey Barnes, convicted of stealing money from the Eastern Mail Stage in July last, to one day's solitary confinement, and one year's imprisonment in the State Prison.—The mildness of the sentence is in consequence of the prisoner's efforts to make restitution of the stolen money.

The rev. Dr Perkins, of West Hartford, (Ct) who is now in his 85th year, has been settled in that place 62 years. In a recent discourse he stated that he had preached 4000 written and 3000 extemporaneous sermons. He was graduated at Princeton in 1769, and was a classmate of Thomas Jefferson.

A farmer on the other side of the water, lately set fire to his chimney to save the expense of a sweep. The chimney set fire to his stacks of hay and grain, and destroyed property to the value of 3000.

The amount of property destroyed, at the late insurrection at Lyons, is estimated by the French papers at fifty millions of francs.

Benjamin F. Seaborn was executed a few days since, at Fayetteville, N. C. for arson, in burning the store of Richard Smith, after having robbed it of a large amount of money. He had resolutely denied his guilt until the last hour, but he confessed the whole charge against him under the gallows.

An individual of Providence, R. I., detected in giving a false alarm of fire, has been subjected to eight weeks imprisonment and to the costs of prosecution.

Mr Kemble, with his daughter and son in law, Mr Butler, sail for England in the packet of the 24th; immediately after which a new work is to appear from the Philadelphia press written by the young bride.

Mr Newton Willey, of the firm of Thompson & Willey, merchants, of Boston, committed suicide on Saturday, in extreme depression of his spirits.

The Directors of the Montreal Bank have voted four thousand dollars to the widow of the hon. H. Gates, their late President, who long officiated at the head of that institution, without the usual salary allowed to such officers.—This is a renewed proof of their estimation of the character of the deceased.

The funds for constructing the Georgia Rail Road have been raised by loan at the North, and the books of subscription to the stock of the Company closed. The work will accordingly proceed immediately.

There are on the New York Canals two thousand four hundred and fifty-two boats.

A person absconded on Monday week from Philadelphia, with a package of money containing about \$4,500, this person is supposed to be N. Sylvester of that city. A reward of \$500 is offered for his apprehension. One thousand six hundred dollars of the money in bills of the Pennsylvania Banks had "N. June 7," marked on the left end of each bill.

Professor Adrian of the Mathematical Chair of Pennsylvania University, has resigned his chair.

The new Governor for Havana from Spain, arrived there 1st June, and there was considerable rejoicings.

The South Carolina Court of Appeals has decided the test oath to be unconstitutional.—This Court consists of three Judges, Johnson, O'Neal and Harper. The two former concurred in the opinion, and the latter dissented.

A Spanish Journal states that a lady in Madrid, named Donna Mercedes de Mendoza, awoke on the 15th of February last from a trance, in which she had lain for four years. During that period she never tasted food, and she is now in perfect health!!

Dr Jones, in a letter to Professor Silliman, states that there is a colony of Gypsies in Louisiana. They were brought over by the French at an early period, and colonized. They have lost, however, their wandering gypsy habits and attend to regular business. Their complexion is darker than the French, and they still call themselves gypsies or Egyptians.

The schooner Cincinnati, Young, from Philadelphia, bound to New York, with coal, to Lowther & Son, went ashore the 4th inst. at Long Branch; vessel and cargo lost.

Mr Thomas Atkinson, of Montville, (Me.) a few days since, was so severely hooked by a cross bull of his that he died in two or three days after.

We learn that David Paul Brown, esq. has accepted the invitation to deliver an oration on the 4th proximo, in the Chatham Street Chapel, before the American Anti Slavery Society. In his letter of acceptance, Mr Brown says:—"If I can, by my humble abilities, impart any aid to the great cause of human liberty, wherever, and whenever asserted, my prompt assistance may be relied upon."

Oakville is a thriving little port, recently built on Lake Ontario. Three years ago, the stream running on its margin would barely admit an Indian canoe. It is now so much improved, that sixteen vessels have been built there, one of 180 tons, and employing 67 men in their navigation.

The Steamboat Oswego commenced her trips for the season on Lake Ontario, on Monday, under command of capt. Sherman, late of the Wm Avery, having undergone a thorough repair.

The King of Bavaria is desirous of realizing the idea of Charlemagne, viz:—the junction of the Danube and the Rhine. The plan of this gigantic enterprise is said to be already drawn up, and will speedily come under discussion.

Among the late London publications, is the first volume of Holman's travels around the world. Holman is a lieutenant in the British navy, and *stone blind*. He has visited almost every part of the world, blind as he is, and alone. Many of his journeys have been performed on foot.

**BOILING HEAT.**—It is commonly supposed, (says the Family Visitor,) that the boiling point is fixed and definite, and never varies. This opinion, all scientific and well informed persons know to be erroneous; for water, of which we now speak, boils at different temperatures, in different situations. The atmospheric air presses on all bodies situated near a level with the sea, at about the rate of 15 pounds on the square inch of surface. To cause water to boil, it becomes necessary to impart to it a degree of heat sufficient to counteract this pressure, which near the level of the sea, exposed to the air, is 212 deg. of Fahrenheit; and this is generally fixed on as "boiling heat."

But on high mountains, where, of course, the volume of the atmosphere is diminished, and its pressure becomes less, the "boiling point" is reduced in proportion. In fact, the boiling of water, or the ebullition we call boiling, does not depend, strictly, on the degrees of heat imparted to it, but on the weight of pressure it sustains. If, for instance, a vessel completely filled with water, were sufficiently strong to resist the force of expansion by heat, the water might be raised to the temperature of melted iron, and never boil, because, there being no room for expansion, there could be no ebullition. For the same reason, were the pressure of the atmosphere equivalent to such confinement, the result would be the same.

A gentleman, says Dr Gregory, having filled a long necked bottle with boiling water, corked it tight, and set it away to cool, in a cellar. Going to it after it had cooled down to blood heat, he was astonished to find it boiling. The fact was, the part of the bottle not filled with water at the time the cork was driven, was filled with steam. The cold air had condensed the steam, and left the space above the water, a vacuum. The water was consequently relieved from the atmospheric pressure, and boiled at a very low temperature. The experiment is very simple, and can be tried by any one.

On the other hand, in a vessel called Papin's Digester, made to resist an extreme pressure, water was so highly heated, that lead was melted in it. And it is no doubt in the recollection of many, that when the boilers of the steamboat New England exploded, last season, the steam which was thrown off from them, and for ought we know, the water, scorched paper and other combustibles with which it came in contact.—Yet, no greater degree of heat than the boiling temperature can be imparted to water in common vessels. For this reason it is that steam boilers are required to exclude air and resist a very heavy pressure; because if water were not heated to a degree above 212, steam could not be generated sufficient for any practical purpose.—And for the same reason, there is a great waste of fuel in attempting to make water boil hard to facilitate the business of cooking; because the cook, with all her bluster, cannot do more than raise the temperature to boiling heat.